







# Together®

Salute to a Five Year Old

**BEN HIBBS**

Who Speaks for the Church?

**WALTER JUDD**

The UN Is Here to Stay



**DAG HAMMARSKJÖLD**

*The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families*

*October 1961*



12

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MADISON

XXXXXXXXXX

X ns helped to launch  
**TOGETHER** just five years ago  
(To learn how, turn the page)



**T o g e t h e r**

What's in It for Me?  
What My Religion Means to Me  
What's in It for Me?  
The Mountain Men's Story

The Mountain Men's Story for Mountain Men's Story October 1956



October, 1956

# Covers: Were These Your Favorites?

READERS often write about TOGETHER covers—and this suggested to us an office poll. So we asked staff members to ballot on the 60 covers used since 1956. Votes were so close on those pictured here that no real prefer-

ence showed up—except for the two at the top of the page opposite. Incidentally, if you detect a similarity between the 1956 and 1961 covers, turn to page 5 for a confirmation of your sharp-eyed suspicions. — EDS.

(For notes on the photographers, see page 73.)



July, 1957



August, 1960



July, 1959



September, 1960





April, 1957



September, 1959

October, 1958



June, 1960







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Is thy heart right, as my heart is  
with thine? Dost thou love and  
serve God? It is enough. I give thee  
the right hand of fellowship.

—John Wesley (1703-1791)

**P**ARDON US while we stand to blow out the candles on our birthday cake. With this issue, TOGETHER is five years old—an infant compared to a denomination with roots going back more than 200 years, or to the Methodist Publishing House, which is 172 years old. Indeed, it has been 135 years since our illustrious ancestor, the CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, was born on a hand press in old New York. So, even after 60 issues, we think of TOGETHER as a new magazine which has hardly begun to tap the almost limitless reservoir of things that are Methodist. The Methodist Church—what it has been, what it stands for, what it can do and is doing to serve God—is a story with no end in sight. For us as editors, too, there are trails yet unexplored. We can only reply, as John Wesley was fond of saying: “In truth, I have not done it yet; but by the grace of God I will.”

Before our birthday party is over, let us draw attention to page 8—“We Methodists Can Do It!” by F. Murray Benson, Baltimore attorney, who is chairman of our Board of Publication, and writes on *The Church and the Law* in our sister magazine, CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE. The Methodist Board of Publication has 46 members—2 bishops, 24 laymen, 20 ministers—who direct the Publishing House’s many publishing activities. There are, of course, many Methodist boards and agencies, each assigned to carry out a special mission of the church. But TOGETHER’s vital role in Methodism is unique in that it is not special—rather it is concerned with the church’s entire program.

We hope you have found some of our 60 issues memorable. We want future ones to be more so. Next month, for example, we’ll have a special issue devoted to the mobility of present-day Americans and the effect this ceaseless coming and going of people across the nation has on all of us—and on the church. Long in the planning stage, it will be the third special issue since TOGETHER appeared. You will recall the November, 1959, issue commemorating 175 years of Methodism in America, and the November, 1960, *Sunset Issue* devoted to the problems and joys of increased longevity.

**Our cover:** No, TOGETHER’s twins, Sandy and Lindy Block, didn’t grow up *that* fast! The two young ladies who appeared on our first cover, October, 1956, [see page 2] were born August 23, 1941. They were only small children when the first picture was taken, but were 15 when it was published. Now they are 20, but were 19 when our photographer visited them again in Los Angeles where both are employed in a bank. The collie in the current picture is a descendant of one of the Lassies of movie and TV fame.

—YOUR EDITORS

# Together

OCTOBER, 1961

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# A Salute to a Five-Year-Old

By BEN HIBBS

Editor, The Saturday Evening Post



THERE IS an ancient and rather shopworn saying in journalistic circles that sin is more interesting than virtue. And of course there is a grain of truth in this tattered credo—perhaps two or three grains. Newspaper editors discovered long ago that the story of a sensational crime sells more copies on the newsstands than the news report of a church conference.

Yet I have long believed that this old axiom of the city desk urgently needs qualification. The element of good, lively writing must be considered if the equation is to have validity. It is almost a rule of thumb in the city room of most metropolitan papers that the best reporters are assigned to the big crime stories, while all too often writers of lesser caliber are given the stories about the “good things” of this life. And it is also true that turgid, uninspired writing can ruin any topic—and drive away the readers in droves.

During the almost 20 years of my editorship, the *Saturday Evening Post* has devoted quite a lot of space to religious and church topics—such matters, for example, as the problem of the downtown church that has been left behind by the migration to the suburbs; the plight of the little rural church; the minister who is doing a fine job in the rehabilitation of former convicts; the priest whose work among wayward boys has brought a gleam of hope to a deeply troubled area of the slums; the question of racial integration in the churches; the work of medical missionaries abroad, and dozens of other similar topics.

Every editor worth his salt knows

*Born at Fontana, Kans., this Methodist layman has traveled far as a magazine writer and editor.*



that a vital part of his job is to win a respectably high readership for the material he publishes, and you may be sure that we would give far less attention to subjects such as the above if people refused to read about them. I long ago concluded that it does no good at all to publish an article or story on some laudable human endeavor—no matter how worthy—if readers reject it out of hand. The encouraging truth is, however, that we get an excellent readership on such material; it is, in fact, one of our most popular categories. (I am not guessing about this; our continuing readership studies show quite accurately, we believe, what people are reading from week to week.)

But of course we don't assign hack writers to prepare our articles on church-related topics. We assign professionals who know how to put the spark of life into anything they write, and they can and do make our articles on the "good things" of the world interesting to read. That is essential. Dull writing and dull speaking have long been one of the most powerful enemies of virtue. I feel so strongly about this that I might as well go out on a limb and say that to me dullness is a sin. This is something that should be more deeply pondered by those whose job it is to communicate the "good things" in life to the man in the street—or to the man sitting in the church pew.

Consequently, I was delighted when Lovick Pierce, president-publisher of the Methodist Publishing House, dropped in to see me at my office some six years ago and told me of his plans for a new magazine. The distinguished old *CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE*—which had been attempting the almost impossible job of being at once a service publication for ministers and a magazine for the vast membership of The Methodist Church—was to be split down the middle. It would continue to be a periodical of opinion and helpful information for pastors, but it would be relieved of its duties as a laymen's publication. To fill the vacuum, a new magazine for Methodist families was to be created from scratch. It was to be a mass-circulation periodical, and, said Mr. Pierce with a gleam of excitement in his eyes, he expected to see the new magazine on the reading tables of a million fam-

*Awards: For a color pictorial on America the Beautiful and for the issue marking American Methodism's 175th anniversary.*

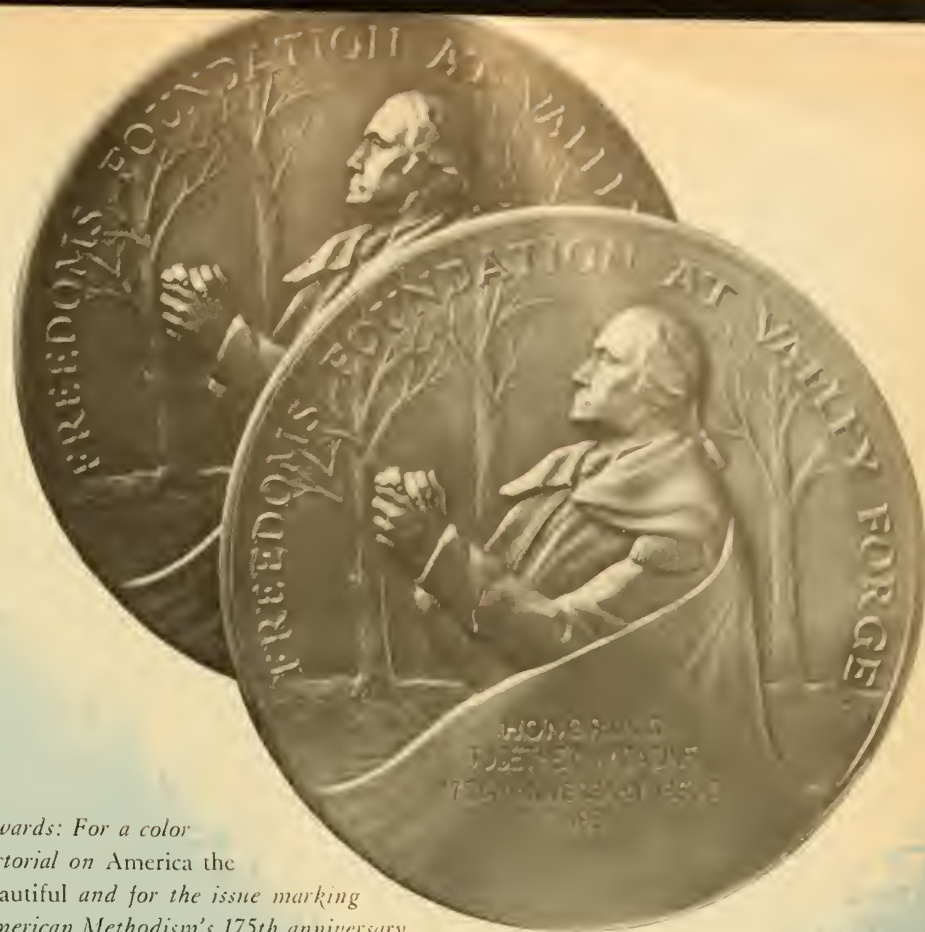
ilies five years after the first issue was published.

This plan made sense to me, and I said so. Mr. Pierce then elaborated, and it was what he said when he got down to details that delighted me. He said he recognized that writing is a craft in itself, a profession which calls for training and experience just as surely as medicine, the law, or engineering. He added, with a twinkle in his sharp green eyes, that not everyone in the church hierarchy agreed with him on this point. There was still a substantial body of opinion that anyone with intelligence and a good education could write. However, he thought perhaps his views would prevail when it came to the showdown; and, listening to him, I thought so, too. Mr. Pierce speaks in gentle tones, but back of his words lurks a steel-trap decisiveness that I suspect usually carries the day when he undertakes a project that is dear to his heart.

The new magazine for Methodist laymen—its name had not been chosen at that point—was to be built and edited, Mr. Pierce said, by professionals. Who in the world the editor would be, he didn't know, but

he expected to find a top-flight journalist who knew his trade and who also believed, as he did, that the virtues of the human race can be made interesting to millions of people. The new editor would be given carte blanche to recruit a good staff and enough money to tap the great pool of competent free-lance writing talent of this country. Maybe, said Mr. Pierce—who is a businessman with a businessman's wholesome regard for a dollar—some of the able free lances who believe there is a good side to this world we live in would be willing to turn out an occasional piece for a church magazine for a somewhat lesser fee than they were paid by the *Saturday Evening Post*. I said I thought this might well be true.

Lovick Pierce had come to me, he said, seeking advice, but my advice on that occasion of our first meeting was mostly in the form of enthusiastic encouragement for his plan. I urged him to stick to his guns on the matter of assembling a staff of professional journalistic people to build, write, and edit the new magazine. For the simple fact is that good journalistic writing—and I say this



despite the scorn of a good many academicians—ranks with the best writing that is being done in this country today.

Of course, there is much bad journalism, and I certainly would not defend it. But the journalist who has a feeling for the language, who does his work carefully and with pride, who brings complete integrity to his work—and there are a good many who have these qualifications—can and does turn out a product that is a joy to anyone who loves good writing. The great virtues of good journalistic writing are that it is clear, it is direct, and it has within it the breath of life. These are qualities which are too often lacking in the so-called literary and intellectual writing of today.

Mr. Pierce came back to see me a couple more times during the ensuing months. On his second visit, he had with him the newly appointed editor of the proposed Methodist laymen's magazine, Leland D. Case, an experienced magazine journalist who thoroughly understood the problems ahead of him. I had several chats and exchanges of letters with Mr. Case while he was putting his staff together, and on two occasions I enlisted the help of our own executive editor, Robert Fuoss, and our art editor, Kenneth Stuart, and we all went into a huddle over plans, layouts, and format of the magazine.

ACTUALLY, its editor didn't need much help from us in getting his new magazine off the ground. He operated with a sure hand. What he needed most was moral support and encouragement—as anyone does, the good Lord knows, who is about to start a new periodical in this garrulous era when a deluge of printed matter rolls off the presses every week and the complexities of the publishing business are almost beyond imagining. We on the *Post* gave our wholehearted encouragement and what little help we could, although the latter was minor.

At any rate, I have always been proud of the small part we at the *Post* had in helping TOGETHER get born, for today—five years after its first issue reached its readers—it has won enormous acceptance with its audience. And deservedly so. TO-

GETHER is, I think, the most spirited, readable, and attractive of the numerous church-laymen's magazines in this country. It has demonstrated brilliantly that the wholesome things of life can be made interesting, even exciting. By the end of its fourth year, it was reaching for the million mark in circulation, and where it will be when its 10th anniversary comes around is anybody's guess. I shall be disappointed if its circulation isn't double that figure.

TOGETHER has succeeded in the difficult feat of blending a professionally written product with a liberal slice of homey material contributed by the readers and a steady flow of spiritual material by the clergy. The contributions by the clergy are, for the most part, fresh and interestingly written; and one suspects that a great deal of careful staff work has gone into the solicitation and selection of this material. Items from the readers lend to the magazine a down-to-earth, intimate quality that gives the audience a sense of participation; yet even here it is obvious that the rewrite desk is doing a painstaking, although thoroughly sympathetic, job. I never cease to be pleasantly surprised at what good editing can accomplish in straightening out the kinks, while still preserving the flavor, of such contributions.

Material from the clergy and the readers is a highly important ingredient, perhaps I should say an indispensable ingredient, of a publication such as TOGETHER. Yet the bulk of the magazine's contents remains, persistently month after month, the work of professionals who know how to put the warm juices of human experience into any topic assigned them. This, I think, is the key to the remarkable success of TOGETHER.

The wide range of topics which TOGETHER has been able to bring under its big tent has been a matter of some amazement to me. Perhaps this means that there are more good things in life than one thinks. Perhaps this is a matter for some of us other editors to ponder. It might be a good antidote for the cynicism that exists in too many editorial offices.

By this I don't mean that TOGETHER is filled with nothing but sweetness and light. It is fully aware that all sorts of urgent problems exist in this world and that the only way in which

virtue can triumph is to recognize these problems for what they are and grapple with them. I have been pleased to see TOGETHER tackling such thorny matters as racial problems, interfaith marriages, teen-age marriages, right-to-work laws, movie censorship, divorce, working mothers, the growing problem of aging parents, the misbehavior of service men abroad, capital punishment, penology in its many aspects—these and scores of other troublesome topics.

TOGETHER has not hesitated to deal even with the explosive subject of birth control, a topic which I happen to think is one of the most important in the world today. If our earth is to remain a free world, a decent place in which to live, then human misery and hunger must be conquered to a far greater degree than they are now. And at the very root of this problem lies the control of population. Yet whenever an editor touches base here, there is always a rain of brickbats.

It is much easier for an editor to deal only with those subjects on which everyone, or nearly everyone, can agree. If, however, a publication is to have vitality, if it is to do its job completely, if it is to mean something in the world, it cannot shun controversy. If any sculptor ever does a generic statue of the subspecies *Editor*, he should, if he is realistic, sculpt him with one arm akimbo, raised in front of his face, warding off the over-ripe eggs and decayed vegetables which are aimed at his head. So be it! This is one of the penalties of being an editor. There are also some satisfying rewards.

It is impossible in a short anniversary article to review the entire policy and contents of a magazine, or to cover all the ups and downs—mostly ups in this case—of five years of history, but I do wish to make one further point. The staff of TOGETHER obviously understands the importance of good graphics in present-day journalism. The consistent use of good art work and good photographs—particularly color photographs, which are often superb—makes the magazine a joy to the eye.

I salute and congratulate TOGETHER on its fifth birthday anniversary. I wish it well in the years ahead.





# 'We Methodists Can Do It!'

AN ATHLETE was once asked how he leaped so high. "First," he said, "I fling my heart over—then I follow."

That story illustrates how men do audacious things—such as the launching of *TOGETHER*. It is 5 years old this month, we say, but actually we Methodists "flung our hearts over" more than 10 years ago. Then the late Bishop Kern, at the 1952 General Conference, presented the eloquent Episcopal Address challenging Methodism to a "bold venture" in publishing, using "the best of modern craftsmanship and editorial skill." That challenge was answered when the 1956 General Conference decreed that the old *Christian Advocate* should become twins—the new *CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE* for pastors, and *TOGETHER*, the midmonth magazine for Methodist families.

To distribute *TOGETHER* economically to almost a million homes, we have the All Family Plan. It provides low-cost subscriptions so churches can have the magazine mailed to the home of each family on its rolls. All Methodism has been thrilled by the response to this effort to communicate the meaning and the mission of Methodism through a beautiful and inspiring magazine.

Now we again are being challenged "to fling our hearts over." Our Council of Bishops has urged local churches to put *TOGETHER* into 2 million homes. The 1960 General Conference at Denver accepted that goal for 1964 in words that have become traditional Methodist affirmation:

*"It can be done and we are the people to do it."*

—F. MURRAY BENSON



# Letters



## They Want People, Not Grapes

LYNN BEATTIE and  
MARY VAN BAULEN  
Paterson, N.J.

We are two Methodist teen-agers who enjoy TOGETHER, but we disagree with Mrs. Tait's letter [August, page 8].

We believe people should be seen on the cover of a religious magazine, since people are the children of God. Religious art, historical churches, or inspiring landscapes are fine occasionally, but a bunch of grapes would be more fitting for an agricultural magazine.

## August Cover 'Very Appropriate'

MRS. RUTH BASSETT  
Gering, Nebr.

Our church magazine fills a need in the lives of the People Called Methodists, but I am often disappointed in its outward dress. The August cover, however, is very appropriate, as it brings to mind the promised harvest season, and also the sacrament of the Last Supper.

## Grapes Suggest Communion . . .

LLOYD E. WATT, Pastor  
North Platte, Nebr.

Thanks for a delightful and meaningful cover on the August issue of TOGETHER. It evoked the idea of Communion for thousands of us.

## Says June Cover 'Wasted'

J. FRED STILWELL, pastor  
Elgin, Oreg.

I was deeply sorry to see the cover

wasted on your June issue. I like my church magazine to remind me of God. I read the story [Wenatchee Clowns It! page 77], but doubt that any church needs to resort to clowns or clowning tactics in order to challenge our youth for God.

## Kandy Says It's 'Dandy'

KANDY BAILEY  
Kearney, Nebr.

If certain readers of our Methodist family magazine are really concerned about giving their youth "material that will help build up a strong sense of the spiritual," they surely will realize that the front cover must be attractive enough to compete with such pastimes as TV, movies, and comic books. The church must keep abreast of the times.

As long as the message inside the magazine is good, I don't believe the cover always must be religious art, although it is a refreshing change occasionally. The clown cover [June] was a dandy.

Speaking for the youth of this community, I would like to say you have a wonderful magazine. Keep up the good work!

## A Difference of Opinion

MRS. FLORENCE MOORE  
Whittier, Calif.

I wish you would explain that the executive committee of the Woman's Division of Christian Service of the Methodist Board of Missions speaks only for itself when it takes a stand supporting federal aid for education [see *Asks New Cabinet Post*, August, page 70]. To my knowledge there has been no poll taken to allow it to speak for those of us who feel that education is a state and local responsibility and should remain so.

We refer Mrs. Moore and other readers who have questioned such pronouncements to Who Should Speak for the Church? this month's Powwow, on page 32.—Eds.

## Smokey Bear Misplaced

MRS. H. CHEATHAM  
Glencoe, Mo.

Your article *America's Four-Legged Fire Fighter* [August, page 18] states that Smokey Bear was found in a fire in the Sacramento Mountains of New Mexico. Actually, he was found in a

fire in the Capitan Mountains. Would you please clear this up?

You are right, Mrs. Cheatham. From Norman P. Weeden, director of fire prevention for the U.S. Forest Service, we have a letter stating: "Smokey was found in a tree after a large forest fire had swept the northern slopes of the Capitan Mountains, north of Capitan, N.Mex. The Sacramento Mountains lie south of Capitan, and the two different mountain ranges make up a large portion of the Lincoln National Forest."

He adds: "Many thanks from both the Forest Service and the Association of State Foresters for publishing an article on so worthy a cause."—Eds.

## Together a Textbook?

MRS. ARTHUR W. BEAN  
Syracuse, N.Y.

TOGETHER has such fine church-school material in it! The *Album of Methodist Americana* [July, page 37] will be referred to often in our junior-department class at Andrews Memorial Methodist Church in North Syracuse.

We also learned a great deal about Methodist history from *Methodist History in One Window* [November, 1959, page 126]—and re-created the window with paper and crayons.

## Ranger Not Half Cocked

EUGENE J. YUNKER  
Former Chief of Police  
Orland Park, Ill.

In your recent article on Homer Garrison [*He Heads the Texas Rangers*, August, page 22] the picture of him talking on the telephone shows that the gun in his holster is cocked!

If he weren't head of the Texas Rangers, he possibly would be looking for a new job today because of his negligence with firearms. Others could be injured by this careless and dangerous way of carrying a pistol.

Can you explain this, or can he?

We checked with Mr. Garrison, and here's his explanation:

"I was wearing a .45 caliber automatic in the manner recommended by the manufacturer. This gun has a double safety. When the hammer is back, it is necessary to release the safety with the thumb and then thoroughly grip the handle to deactivate the other safety. In other words, when cocked, this particular gun is safer than it would be with the hammer down. If the hammer were down, a heavy jar or blow could possibly cause the weapon to fire. We



Negligence?



# Together / NEWSLETTER

**WORLD METHODISM STRENGTHENS TIES.** The 200-member World Methodist Council, meeting in Oslo, Norway, before the opening of the Tenth World Methodist Conference there in late August, revised the council's constitution to bring about a closer relationship of the 40 member bodies in 76 countries. One revision provided that in the future council membership will be recruited directly from member churches rather than indirectly on a geographic basis. The council sent back to its executive committee for further study a proposed creedal requirement for member churches.

More than 2,000 delegates packed Oslo's Philadelphia Hall for the first session of the World Methodist Conference. Among them were four ministers and one layman from Communist-dominated East Germany. All said they had no trouble getting permits to attend. King Olav of Norway attended the opening session of the conference and a message from President Kennedy wished the conference success "in its efforts to bring men closer to their spiritual ideals."

The retiring council president, Dr. Harold Roberts of Richmond College, Surrey, England, said in his presidential message: "The World Methodist Council and the World Council of Churches are both agents of unity. The coming Great Church must embody the riches of the inheritance of all the communions that will find a home within it."

Speaking after his installation as council president on the last day of the conference, Bishop Fred Pierce Corson, of the Philadelphia Area, told the delegates, "The age calls for a shift in Protestant tactics. We must move from a negative to a positive approach. Methodism must recover its voice with the realization that it has something distinctive to say and that it is under obligation to say it." He said Methodism also must recover its enthusiasm "which in its individual and corporate expression carries a conviction founded on principles."

Theme of the nine-day conference was New Life in the Spirit. (For news of the World Federation of Methodist Women, turn to page 71.)

(More church news on page 67)

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*your  
church  
a  
voice in  
grateful*



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Try this old New England Recipe  
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## Perkins Family Rolls

"This recipe has been in my family for years—my mother won with it, too," says teen-ager Cheryl Perkins of Madison, Maine, Gold Ribbon Winner for the best yeast baking at the Skowhegan Fair. "I think your family will like my recipe, too, but be sure to use Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast. It's so fast-rising and easy to use. I know you'll turn out wonderful baking every time."



### PERKINS FAMILY ROLLS *Makes about 4 dozen*

- 2½ cups milk
- ½ cup sugar
- 1 tablespoon salt
- ½ cup lard
- 2 cups very warm water
- 2 packages or cakes Fleischmann's Yeast, active dry or compressed
- 15 to 16 cups sifted flour (about)

Scald milk; stir in sugar, salt, and lard. Cool to lukewarm. Measure very warm water in large bowl. Sprinkle or crumble in Fleischmann's Yeast. Stir to dissolve. Stir in lukewarm milk mixture and half the flour. Beat well. Add enough remain-

ing flour to make stiff dough. Turn out on lightly floured board; knead until smooth. Place in greased bowl; turn once to grease all sides. Cover, let rise in warm place until double, about 1 hour. Punch down. Cover; let rise until double, about 30 minutes. Shape into rolls. Place on greased baking sheets or layer-cake pans. Cover; let rise until double, about 1 hour. Bake at 375°F (mod.) about 30 minutes.



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have been carrying this type of gun in our department for many years and have never had an accidental discharge when the hammer was cocked."—Eds.

### Interfaith Marriage Can Work

MRS. ROBERT J. HODKINSON  
Watertown, N.Y.

With reference to Mrs. Mabel C. Jakway's letter [August, page 8], I have this comment:

Arranged marriages are almost extinct in this day and age. It is nearly impossible, with the world made so small by modern travel methods, for persons of different religions and races not to meet, fall in love, and marry.

I am a Methodist, married to a wonderful Catholic man. For eight years we both worked, and established a lovely home. Last June we were blessed with our first child—a beautiful son. By mutual agreement we are raising him to be a Methodist, because we both believe that, when parents are of different faiths, children should be brought up in the mother's belief. However, he will be taught to love and respect all denominations.

### 'Keep Fit—Keep Busy'

CLARENCE R. WAGNER  
Administrator, Claremont Manor  
Claremont, Calif.

Thank you for Frances Fowler Allen's *Don't Put Me Out to Pasture* [August, page 21]. Her emphasis on activity parallels former President Eisenhower's simple formula for retirement: "Keep fit—keep busy."

### Interest in Teapots Brewing

L. C. WIDMANN  
Kirkville, N.Y.

While glancing through the August issue, I noticed the inscription on the John Wesley Teapot [page 68]. This is the blessing we asked before meals at the Milton Hershey School for Boys.

I would like to send one of these teapots to each of the two families that took care of me during those years. Where can I buy one?

Because we have had many inquiries about purchasing John Wesley Teapots, we also inquired and learned that they may be ordered from your nearest Cokesbury Regional Office.—Eds.

### Methodist Globe-Trotting . . .

DR. NORA B. THOMPSON  
Ardmore, Pa.

Way back in January [page 10] you asked if others have visited Methodist centers in foreign lands. I, too, know the Gante Street Methodist Church in Mexico City as well as the Methodist school there and the one in Pachuca.

And last summer, I took three of the groups who visited Africa with me to





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“You know, it’s true! Since I started drinking Postum I do feel calmer, and sleep so much better! Can’t say I enjoy having milk spilled even now—but trifles don’t really upset me any more!”

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DEPT. 2

SCRANTON 2, PA.

Old Umtali, the Methodist Center in Southern Rhodesia. Our driver was Mr. Simon Mushango, choirmaster of an African M. E. Church in Salisbury.

In 1958, I visited the Lee Memorial Girls School in Calcutta and the work in Old Delhi. The high light of my trip was a visit to Ghaziabad, where Miss Emma E. Donohugh, a member of my father's church in the Philadelphia Conference and now a retired missionary, was stationed.

## Guests Are Welcome, But—

JAMES B. GABRIELSON  
South San Gabriel, Calif.

Your frequent features about missionaries remind me of the long-suffering ones in the Hawaiian Islands. With the increased popularity of this recreational area, many Methodists are making the Island parsonages their headquarters. One uncomplaining minister and his family have entertained as overnight (and longer) guests more than 70 visiting Methodists this summer alone!

By all means visit churches and missions in the Islands. But out of courtesy for our ministers and missionaries, and out of respect for the work they are attempting to do, please do not tax their time and limited resources for your personal pleasure.

*There is a growing custom, we hear, that guests at missionary homes leave an envelope with a thank-you note and "long green": \$3 per person for lodging and \$1 per meal.—EDS.*

## They Turn to Together

MRS. ASHLEY B. COWDER  
Clearfield, Pa.

I've never written to the editors of a magazine before, but I have never appreciated a magazine so much as I do TOGETHER. It has become as valuable to me as my Bible in my work as counselor of the Junior High Youth Fellowship of the West Side Methodist Church here.

It seems that whenever we run across something in our research that seems difficult to answer, we can always turn in our TOGETHER magazines to the exact answer!

## Five Minutes a Day . . .

MRS. C. A. HULTMAN  
Bozeman, Mont.

I read in *Religion and the Public Schools* [June, page 15]: "... it is possible for public-school teachers, without violating the traditional American principle of separation of Church and State, to teach moral principles and spiritual values."

I agree.

One year when I was in high school, we had a Methodist student minister as our principal. Every morning, after roll call and announcements, he'd spend

exactly five minutes elaborating on a simple adage like "Haste makes waste." After he wrote it on a blackboard, we repeated it aloud and copied it in a notebook.

Today I remember many of those little talks better than our regular school lessons!

## No Government Loans?

MARY EDMONDSON  
Towson, Md.

Congratulations are in order to Bishop Gerald H. Kennedy for his splendid article, *No Government Aid to Parochial Schools!* [June, page 13].

However, after reading the *TOGETHER Washington (D.C.) Area News Edition*, in which there was a picture of the American University dormitory now under construction, with a caption reading "Financed by a \$2,200,000 loan from the U.S. Housing and Home Finance Agency," the question arose: what's the difference between the government aid or loan the Roman Catholic Church is asking for and that received by Methodist-related American University?

## Together Aids Her Meditations

HELEN WHITMORE  
Daytona Beach, Fla.

Each morning, I take time for meditation. After reading the Bible and *The Upper Room*, I have been reading some issues of TOGETHER loaned me by a Methodist friend.

They are wonderful! TOGETHER is so broad, comprehensive, and illuminating that anyone who likes to read can get some benefit from it. The photographic work is outstanding.

It is especially welcome in these trying times when the newspapers are full of negative things and when real Christian literature is so sorely needed.

## Busses Carry Church's Name

LUCILLE MILLER  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

I hope the article, *Does Your Church Say 'Hello'?* [May, page 32] provokes others to share ideas that have worked in their churches.

Our church, Spencer Methodist, has placed car cards in local busses, giving the name and address of our church, and times of services. This not only calls attention to our location, but (we hope) counteracts advertising of some things of which the church does not approve.

## Defense Before Prayer?

RICHARD R. HICKS, Pastor  
Townsend, Del.

Robert B. Anderson's poem, *A Nation Needs to Pray* [July, page 2], is typical of the modern Christian American's concept of the role of God in our lives and in our destiny.

Mr. Anderson builds his poem on



sound Christian principles, but sadly lapses into logic which typifies our thinking today. He suggests that before we pray we need to be aware that "first must come our own assured defense," that "our free world holds the sanctuary of the hope of man."

If we really believe in God and Jesus Christ, then surely we must realize that God can defend us better than "the bomb."

Truly, love is more effective than terror.

### Another Chance Muffed?

WOODROW W. WILLIAMS  
Columbus Grove, Ohio

I enjoyed very much the poem *A Nation Needs to Pray* by Robert B. Anderson, whom I consider a very able statesman. But I find a statement I think erroneous in his reference to atomic energy: "... When for the first time in man's history, / We have in sight the possibility of / Freeing man to exert his own creativeness, / Rather than to toil under the dictatorship / Of need and want."

This has been said before—perhaps many times. When steam was harnessed many felt that it offered the possibility of abolishing want and misery. Later, when electricity came into use, it was believed that then, for sure, the age of plenty was at hand. And when primitive man first discovered that he could cultivate the land and herd livestock, rather than depend on the hunt, he perhaps thought he could provide enough so that no one need be in want. But, alas, it has not come to pass!

### Poem 'Basis for Devotions'

MRS. J. M. GRANT  
New York, N.Y.

Thanks for printing the original poem by Robert B. Anderson, *A Nation Needs to Pray*, which I intend to use as the basis for devotions sometime in our local WSCS.

### Echoes From Old Deadwood

DONALD E. PARRETT  
Eldon, Iowa

The article about Preacher Smith in your August issue [page 40] says that the sermon he never preached has been heard many times at memorial services. Would you have a copy of that sermon or know where I could obtain one?

I am a Methodist layman who will be filling the pulpit while our minister is on vacation. This would be an excellent opportunity to honor this man and the great truths he preached.

A pamphlet, *Preacher Smith, Martyr* is available, 50¢ postpaid, from *Friends of the Middle Border*, Mitchell, S.Dak. It contains the sermon.—Ebs.

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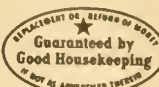
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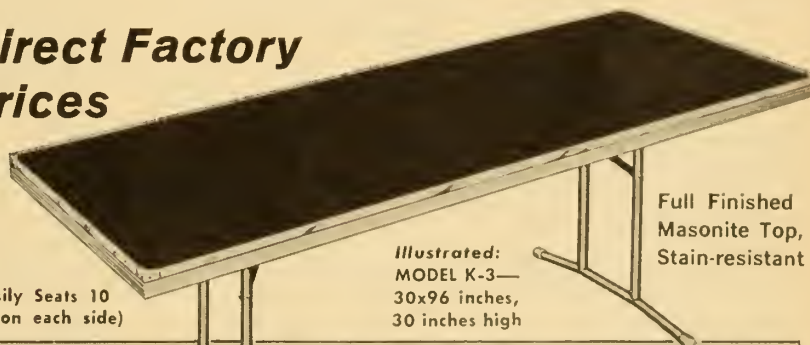
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THE MONROE COMPANY, 59 Church St., Colfax, Iowa

## How Many Hours can a Minister Squeeze Out?

Ministers as a group are probably healthier physically and mentally than most people. But items like these continue to appear in our national publications. *Virginia Minister Confined in Mental Institution. Pennsylvania Clergyman Cracks Under Emotional Strain.* Here—there—and all across the country growing numbers of ministers are breaking down.

### Why does it happen?

Night and day, there are 168 hours in anyone's week. Our ministers get no more than the rest of us. Yet one congregation that surveyed itself learned they expected 82 hours of work from their minister in one week—49% of his total time!

### And this is not an isolated instance!

Many ministers work 70 hours and more for their congregations each week. They have to do it in order to keep up the functions of their jobs. A Yale Divinity School professor of theology enumerates these six functions:

FUNCTIONS OF A MINISTER	DUTIES
PASTOR.....	Sow spiritual well being among the congregation.
PREACHER.....	Deliver sermons that give guidance in the relationship of God to man.
PRIEST.....	Administer sacraments and perform weddings and funerals.
TEACHER.....	Direct church's religious education program.
ADMINISTRATOR....	Responsible for church finances and physical upkeep.
ORGANIZER. ....	Provide the spark for church groups, fund drives and special events.

A group of Methodist ministers found that most of them used more than 15 hours a week in pastoral visiting. They put about the same amount of time into preparing sermons, conducting services, attending church meetings and general study. Church business required from five to 14 hours and counselling five hours or less.

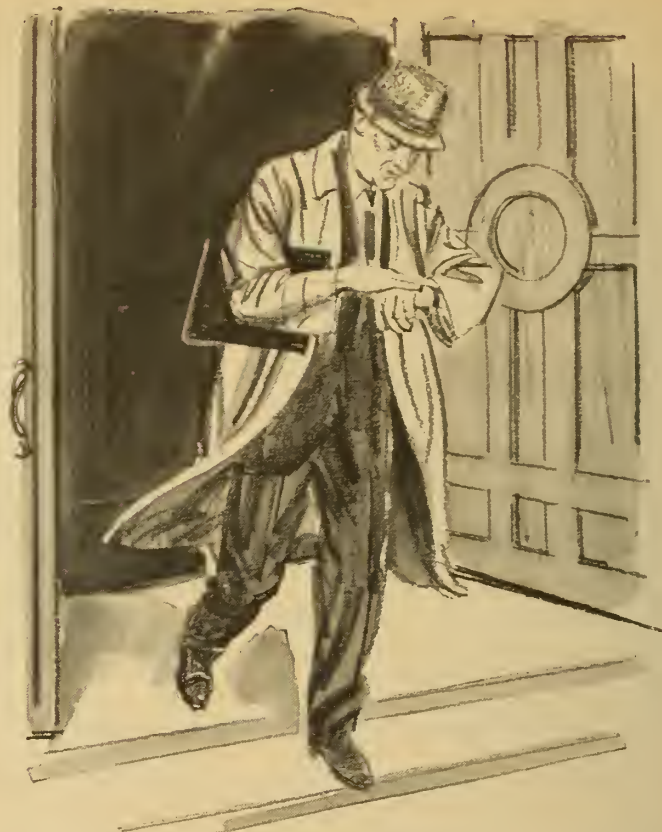
That's how a minister can so easily put in a ten-hour, seven-day week. If you allow him eight hours of sleep at night with four hours in which to eat, bathe, dress, etc., he has used up 22 of his daily 24.

He then has two hours a day for himself. What shall he do with them? Go shopping for a pair of shoes he needs? Take his son to the dentist? Volunteer to serve on a civic committee he favors?

How about the man himself? Does he have enough time to keep abreast of current events, take in a ball game, play golf occasionally or give proper attention to a reading program?

A minister is only human. He gets tired and worn out just like the rest of us. But he's more likely to "run his battery all the way down" because of the long hours we require from him.

He needs time to "regenerate" himself—time to rest his tired body and unwind his busy mind—time to partake in



private devotions. This means time for self-improving study—time for a quiet moment of conversation with his wife—time to romp with his hop-scotch girl and his kite-flying boy.

All of these refresh him physically, mentally and spiritually. And remember, the better man he is, the better minister he can be.

Your minister didn't dedicate his life to your church because it was going to be an easy job. But to do what he must as well as a man can do, he needs help from you, as a lay leader or member of his congregation.

### And what can you do?

You can willingly take an active part in fund raising drives, visitation and evangelism, recruiting church school teachers and other acts of stewardship. The time you give can be of enormous assistance to your minister in performing his functions as an administrator and organizer. It's up to you to see that there is a balance between the time you ask of him and the help you give to him.

A GENERAL COMPARISON OF WEEKLY HOURS		
	Minister	Layman
Work	70	40
Bodily Maintenance (sleeping, eating, etc.)	70	70
Remaining (for self-improvement, family, household tasks, leisure, etc.)	28	58
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>168</b>	<b>168</b>

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✝ *Personal Testimony*

# My Return to Religion

By FLOYD B. ODLUM

*A Methodist layman and one of America's best-known business executives, the author is board chairman of Atlas Corporation. He and his wife, the famous Jacqueline Cochran, live at Indio, California.*

IT IS usually expected that a child reared in a Methodist parsonage will become a pillar of faith without much effort. Perhaps I'm not typical, but with that inheritance I turned out just the opposite. I was a doubter from the start.

I memorized the prayers and the Psalms and hymns, but it was a mechanical process—one of the things I did because it was expected of me as the preacher's son. When I compared the moaning of the churchly faithful with the apparent happiness of the drugstore-corner gang, the sinners seemed to have the best of it.

Blessed is the person to whom faith comes early and endures vigorously. My wife, Jacqueline Cochran, is like that—a shining example of unwavering faith in God's divinity and man's immortality. "Sustained and soothed by an unflinching trust," she has lived a remarkably adventurous life as an aviatrix, sure of herself and her

beliefs. Of course, a man ought not to envy the faith of his own wife—and I don't, really. But I confess feeling twinges when I consider the ease with which Jackie has achieved her religious confidence.

Looking back now to my Michigan parsonage upbringing, I recognize the obstacle which blocked my road to faith in God: I thought it essential to accept everything the Bible said literally. This I couldn't do. How can you harmonize the image of the New Testament God of goodness and love with the Old Testament's Jehovah—jealous, revengeful, full of wrath?

And when I read about the iniquities and harshness of some of the ancients, I felt the Creator shouldn't have rested on that seventh day; his task wasn't done. He had placed mortals on earth without instilling in them principles of purity and peace. Jonah's sojourn in the belly

of the whale was to me just another fish story, and as for Adam and Eve, it seemed ridiculous that such a wonderful creature as woman should have a rib for her ancestor.

I rebelled at having to read aloud the long and meaningless chapters of biblical "begats" and other passages I didn't understand; I resented the monotony of sermons; and I hated my father's stern rules against whistling, playing ball, and being my happy self on Sundays.

At the first opportunity, when I left home for school at 18, I cut myself off from the atmosphere of parsonage and church. For years I never attended a worship service. For a time I thought myself an atheist, though now I know I never qualified for that distinction. But an agnostic I was; I just didn't know.

Some experiences of those college years in Colorado surprised me. For one thing, I found that many of my

classmates, although away from home for the first time just like me, still retained their religious faith. In classes I learned, possibly without appreciating its significance, that almost all mankind is religious and has been in one form or another ever since given the power of contemplation. I learned that Christianity alone enfolds almost one third of the earth's enormous population.

I learned that England's *Magna Carta*, France's *Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen*, and America's *Declaration of Independence* all acknowledge the supremacy of God; that sessions of our Congress are opened with prayer; that our coinage declares, "In God We Trust"; and that our cities and villages are studded with the spires and steeples of places of worship. I knew that in hundreds of thousands of assemblages of many kinds millions of people every day give thanks to God and ask for divine guidance.

Probably I even asked myself why so many people could be wrong and only a few like myself were right. Perhaps it was a collegiate kind of ego that made me scorn traditional beliefs. I don't know. But I remained cynical, demanding proof.

It was no Damascus-road experience like St. Paul's which changed my attitude. It wasn't even a change I recognized until it was well under way. With age, I guess, comes better understanding, but the groundwork was laid in college at the very time when I thought I was moving farther away from trust in God.

MY COLLEGE training convinced me that the only sound approach to truth is through the scientific method. Over the years of my career in manufacturing and industry and through many associations with medical research groups, I have come to respect even more the men who explore our universe. But in my youthful enthusiasm for rationalism, I crowned the scientist with laurels he didn't deserve. He is not a magician.

Usually unconcerned with public attention, he works in some specialized field, earnestly seeking to discover previously unknown bits of truth about the physical world. His study is centered in material things;

and because of this emphasis on materialism, science and religion are supposed by many to be in conflict. Yet as science surges forward, religion, too, climbs to new levels. Our increasing knowledge of the universe gives us greater insight into the divine plan behind it. The conflict is not so real as many assume.

I am not a scientist, but I have close friends who are, and I am exposed to their views. I have browsed occasionally along the edges of scientific fields—just a little. Each time my mind has been opened to greater understanding, my thinking altered or tempered.

I find that this mental shaping which I have undergone in the past 40 years has brought me back very near the beliefs which my parents held on the divine order of things and the immortality of that elusive nonphysical side of man, variously called spirit, soul, mind. Paradoxical as it sounds, I am a man who was driven away from religion in his youth by the Bible and brought back to it in his maturity by science. Let me elaborate.

Whether I consider the universe that stretches endlessly in every direction or the minute infinity of the atom, I am struck with awe and wonder. Astronomers and the atomic physicists tell us that our universe was born several billion years ago, and that ever since it has been wearing out—imperceptibly, of course, but very certainly running down. At a time which is so far in the future as to escape our limited comprehension, all inorganic mass will reach a point of inert equilibrium; all energy will be dissipated; all will be total obscurity and absolute cold.

But what a dramatic and creative act it was when this universe was set in motion! And in its regular movements, surely a supreme conductor must be directing the harmony of the heavens.

As wonderful as is the universe of stars and planets, its wonder is paralleled by the invisible universe of the atom. Once thought to be the smallest unit of nature, the atom now has been split and its subparticles discovered. They wheel about the nucleus at unimaginable speeds, always with an orderliness duplicating that of the universe in its immensity. In neither system—the atom nor the

cosmos—are the laws of inorganic matter flouted. I sense the same unseen guidance at work.

The organic world is even more awe-inspiring than the inorganic. No one knows when life started on our earth. But it seems certain that evolution began almost simultaneously. And the striking thing about organic evolution is that it proceeds with increasing complexity and differentiation, always trending upward, just the opposite of the inorganic world's devolution toward equilibrium.

SCIENTISTS have found no satisfactory bridge between living and non-living matter. Life, they say, cannot be explained by mere chance. It had a start of its own; it was not an offshoot of a physical atom. Evolution has produced myriad strains of life. Many failed, and most of the others have adapted themselves to their environment so completely that today they are only living memories of a vanished past. As one great naturalist put it, "The masterpieces of adaptation are only the leftovers of evolution."

One species—man—has never specialized into a blind evolutionary alley. Man continues to progress. Blessed with the power of speech and the ability to contemplate, he has developed both self-consciousness and conscience along with his abstract thinking. He alone can look inward on himself and backward through time at himself and understand his place in evolution.

The body of modern man is little, if any, better than that of his ancient ancestors. But the mind of man has ascended with an accelerating rush, promising even more tremendous capacities for the future. This rise from instinct to consciousness to contemplation and from there to the arts, the sciences, and 20th-century technology has been a terrific surge. It seems only well on its way.

But to credit man with intellect alone is not enough. He has yet another side. Given the power to deliberate, along with the liberty to choose between good and bad and to shape his own destiny, he turned even in his early days toward spiritual considerations. And when he did, human dignity arrived.

Even in my years of blackest un-



# 9 Scientists Look to Religion

The man who regards his own life and that of his fellow creatures as meaningless is not merely unfortunate but almost disqualified for life.\*

—ALBERT EINSTEIN, *Theoretical Physicist*

*There can be no conflict between science and religion. Science is a reliable method of finding truth. Religion is the search for a satisfying way of life. Science is growing—yet a world that has science needs, as never before, the inspiration that religion has to offer.*

—ARTHUR H. COMPTON, *Physicist*

I do not know what I may appear to the world; but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.

—SIR ISAAC NEWTON, *Mathematician*

*Religion and natural science are fighting a joint battle in an incessant, never-relaxing crusade against skepticism, against dogmatism, and against superstition; and the rallying cry in this crusade has always been, and always will be, "On to God!" \**

—MAX PLANCK, *Atomic Physicist*

If a universe could create itself, then it would embody the powers of a creator and we should be forced to conclude that the universe itself is a God.

—GEORGE DAVIS, *Physicist*

*Atheism is contrary to the way the scientist thinks, works, and lives. He operates on the basis of the principle that there cannot be a machine without a maker. . . . If chance were a factor . . . someone must have loaded the dice.\**

—ANDREW CONWAY IVY, *Physiologist*

The probability of life originating from accident is comparable to the probability of the unabridged dictionary resulting from an explosion in a printing shop.\*

—EDWIN CONKLIN, *Biologist*

*I give myself over to my rapture. The die is cast. Nothing I have ever felt before is like this. I tremble, my blood leaps. God has waited 6,000 years for a looker-on to his work. His wisdom is infinite, that of which we are ignorant is contained in him, as well as the little that we know.*

—JOHANNES KEPLER, *Astronomer*

A deeper and firmer belief in God can be the only result of a better insight into truth.\*

—ALBERT MCC. WINCHESTER, *Biologist*

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belief, I could not deny that a careful study of the mind of man leads inevitably to the idea of a Supreme Mind, a Supreme Spirituality—what we call God. Now I find it idle to try to explain the mind of man without the idea of a transcendent extra-earthly force. To consider man just a particle of living matter only slightly different from his fellow animals blots out his moral side and negates any meaning for individual life.

If modern science has committed any sin against religion, it has been only one small sin of omission. While trying to discover the secrets of our planet and the space beyond, it has neglected to study the mind of man itself. Hypnosis and psychiatry are examples of recent attempts along these lines. Psychosomatic medicine, recognizing that the mind, not bacteria, may cause some bodily ailments, seems to be coming into its own.

My friend, Dr. J. B. Rhine, has pioneered at Duke University in the study of extrasensory perception, a field which many still equate with witchcraft. I wish more schools of higher education were working in this field. It has been proven, to my

satisfaction at least, that the mind has far greater capacities than any of us regularly exercise.

The scientists who study this non-physical side of man have given me belief in the essentials held by my parents: in the divineness of things and in immortality of the mind. Of course, I am not alone in this belief. The famed psychiatrist, Dr. Karl Menninger, in his book, *The Human Mind*, has an imaginary talk with a member of the Gospel. In it, Dr. Menninger says, "You may retain steadfastly your faith that there is something divine about the human being and that his faith in God is an essential part of him."

Dr. Wernher von Braun, America's top man in missiles and rocketry, has said, "Anything science has taught me—and continues to teach me—strengthens my belief in the continuity of our spiritual existence after death." \*

Scientists like these carry weight with me. After a half century without reading the Bible, I have returned again to the opening chapters of Genesis. The rib, the whale, and the ark are still fable, folklore, and fancy to me. It is evident the author

wrote from limited points of reference. Probably he was a keeper of flocks; certainly he was no geologist, physicist, or astronomer. But willingly I give him credit: he had vision and intuition when he discerned that man, though formed of material substances, had breathed into him the divine breath of life. And God made available to that man knowledge and everlasting life.

Religion, just like man himself, has evolved. In the process, it has taken many forms. The 23rd Psalm is no less great because it is couched in homely terms of sheep, pasture, shepherd, and still waters. It is far easier to move toward summits of faith and understanding when you deal with essentials and refuse to be distracted in debate about details.

As a Christian writer expressed it: "To believe in God is to desire his existence, and what is more, to act as though he existed."

I used to try to act as though God did not exist. From his point of view that behavior must have looked pretty silly. It looks that way to me now.

\* For a statement of Dr. von Braun's beliefs see *Missiles and Civilization* October, 1959, page 14.—EBS.

# He Coaches the Tigers



*Diagraming a play: To the fine points he learned from such coaching masters as Paul "Bear" Bryant, Sid Gilman, and Earl "Red" Blaik, Coach Dietzel adds many of his own.*



LAST OCTOBER 23, the morning after Florida turned back the Tigers of Louisiana State University by the margin of 13-10, Coach Paul Dietzel showed up as usual to usher at Reily Memorial University Methodist Church on the campus at Baton Rouge. The mood of the congregation was decidedly glum—until the Rev. W. E. Trice, pastor, rose to say:

"My text this morning is: *What you should do when you have lost by a little.*"

After that, Paul Dietzel—and football-conscious Baton Rouge—made ready to face another week in the tough Southeastern Conference where, since 1955, the blond young Ohioan has gained a reputation as one of the country's most resourceful and imaginative coaches. When he took over six years ago, the football fortunes of the once-proud Tigers had sunk to what rabid fans considered a deplorable low. During the next three years, however, things happened. The Bengals thundered to 19 consecutive wins—and the 1958 national championship.

Football teams, however, are built up only to be torn down. No one is more aware of this ceaseless process than the almost-boyish mentor who, at 37, looks much like one of his own linemen. Fortunes change rapidly in football. At present Dietzel is rebuilding. He may or may not win another national championship in 1961 or any other year. If he does, there will be a number of factors involved, aside from athletic material available, and they lie deep within the personality of the young man who gives much credit to the fine coaches who taught him fundamentals: Paul "Bear" Bryant, Sid Gilman, and Earl "Red" Blaik. Dietzel came to LSU after serving as line coach on Blaik's staff at Army.

A Methodist—and methodical, Dietzel lives by schedule. He coaches by schedule, instilling character, toughness, and skill into young men willing to pay the price to excel in what has become one of the toughest and most complicated think-games devised by man. Every member of the team and coaching staff gets a copy of the Dietzel schedule. A bold X marks Sunday. That means Paul's regular attendance at the campus church where he is a member of the official board. The Dietzel family includes Paul's wife, Anne, and two children, Steve, 12, and Kathy, 7. Their pastor is a neighbor.

*Sending in a play: "There's no room in our program for the luckadaisical student or the luckadaisical athlete," he tells prospective grid stars.*





*Cheerleader for the family: Mrs. Dietzel adds her enthusiastic soprano voice to the thundering immensity of Tiger Stadium as LSU gains on a quick opening play—but daughter Kathy is unconcerned!*

*Gloom under the glare of the field lights: Florida wins, 13-10. "I cannot recall a more heartbreaking loss," Dietzel said. "But I was well pleased with the way our boys did."*

*Emergency: A Florida half, breaking through a big hole in the Tiger line, picks up seven yards. LSU spotters in the pressbox recommend strategy to Dietzel (below) by phone.*







*A family isn't a football team, but some of the same principles apply. Practice makes for perfect here, too!*

*For 12-year-old Steve it is only a hop, skip, and jump from piano to his grammar-school grid team.*



*Kathy, skipping rope, graces the front yard of the Dietzel home at Baton Rouge. A swimming pool, from Tiger football fans, graces the back yard.*



*Anne Dietzel (second from right) stayed up past midnight at last night's football game, but she's on hand as usual this Sunday morning to sing in University Church's choir.*

SINCE THERE is really no off season for a college football coach, someone must take care of the home front. This job falls into the capable hands of Mrs. Anne Dietzel, who also joins her husband in church activities, cheers the Tigers, calls repairmen, praises and consoles, cares for their two children—and finds time to be an excellent golfer. Big-time coaching leaves little time for anything else. Between seasons, Dietzel travels the state, flushing out talent. He's in demand as a speaker, not only in Louisiana, but in many other parts of the nation. But in season and out, no matter how busy he may be, the rigorous schedule is cast aside every Sunday for family, friends, and worship.

*Now, the crowd's roar, the clashing rivalry, and the shrill of a referee's whistle are forgotten in quiet worship and the soft music of the offertory hymn.*





# The UN Is Here to Stay

By DAG HAMMARSKJÖLD  
Secretary-General of the United Nations

*Veteran of countless crises, the UN's  
chief executive has a ready wit and strong will.  
A bachelor, he is a Swedish citizen.\**



EIGHT years ago I was inducted into my present office, to which I had been catapulted without previous soundings; indeed, without any prewarning. I felt that it was my duty to accept it, not because of any feeling of confidence in my personal capacity to overcome the difficulties which might arise, but because, under the conditions then prevailing, it seemed to me that anyone to whom the call was issued was duty bound to respond.

The tumultuous situation that faced me at the very outset has proved not to be unique. Others equally grave have arisen several times in the past few years. I was reminded of this the other day as I read a book by Arthur Waley, well known as one of the great interpreters of Chinese thought and literature and as one of those great students of humane letters who have so splendidly enriched our cultural tradition. In the book, Waley quotes what an early Chinese historian had to say about the philosopher Sung Tzu and his followers some 350 years before Christ. To one who works in the United Nations, the quotation strikes a familiar note. It is this:

Constantly rebuffed but never discouraged, they went round from state to state helping people to settle their differences, arguing against wanton attack and pleading for the suppression of arms that the age in which they lived might be saved from its state of continual war. To this end, they interviewed

princes and lectured the common people, nowhere meeting with any great success, but obstinately persisting in their task, till kings and commoners alike grew weary of listening to them. Yet undeterred they continued to force themselves on people's attention.

Is this a description of a quixotic group, whose efforts are doomed to failure? The wording, with its tone of frustration, may lead us to think so. However, I believe that this interpretation would be wrong. The historian tells us about a group engaged in a struggle he considers very much worthwhile, and one which will have to go on until success is achieved.

The half-ironical, half-sad note which he strikes indicates only his knowledge of the difficulties which human nature puts in the way of such work for peace. His pessimism is tempered by the mild sense of humor and the strong sense of proportion of a man seeing his own time in the long perspective of history. Today, we can learn from his attitude, both in our efforts to move toward peace and in our work for universal recognition of human rights.

We know that the question of peace and the question of human rights are closely related. Without recognition of human rights, we shall never have peace, and it is only within the framework of peace that human rights can be fully developed.

In fact, the work for peace is basically a work for the most elementary of human rights: the right of everyone

\* For a sketch of a man who has one of the world's toughest jobs, see *Peace Is His Business*, December, 1957, page 27.—EWS.

to security and to freedom from fear. We, therefore, recognize it as one of the first duties of a government to take measures in order to safeguard for its citizens this right. But we also recognize it as an obligation for the emerging world community to assist governments in safeguarding this elementary human right without having to lock themselves behind walls of armaments.

The dilemma of our age, with its infinite possibilities of self-destruction, is how to grow out of the world of armaments into a world of international security, based on law. We are only now at the very beginning of such a change. The natural distrust in the possibility of progress is nourished by unavoidable setbacks, and when distrust is thus strengthened, this in turn increases our difficulties.

The effort may seem hopeless. Certainly it will prove hopeless unless peoples and governments alike are willing to take some immediate risks in order to have a better chance of avoiding the final disaster threatening us if we do not manage to turn the course of developments in a new direction.

The United Nations finds itself in a difficult stage of its development. It is still too weak to provide the security desired by all, yet it is strong enough and alive enough to point out effectively the direction in which the solution must be sought. In its present phase, the organization may look to many like a preacher who cannot impose the law he states or realize the Gospel he interprets. It is understandable if those who have this impression turn away in distrust or with cynical criticism, forgetting that setbacks in efforts to implement an ideal do not prove that the ideal is wrong, and overlooking, also, that at the beginning of great changes in human society there must always be a stage of such frailty or seeming inconsistency.

It is easy to say that it is pointless to state the law if it cannot be enforced. However, to do so is to forget that if the law is the inescapable law of the future, it would be treason to the future not to state the law simply because of the difficulties of the present. Indeed, how could it ever become a living reality if those who are responsible for its development were to succumb to the immediate difficulties arising when it is still a revolutionary element in the life of society?

The United Nations is something definite also in the sense that the concepts and ideals it represents, like the needs it tries to meet, will remain an ineluctable element of the world picture. That does not mean, however, that the present embodiment of the groping efforts of mankind toward an organized world community represents a definite shape for all time. The United Nations is, and should be, a living, evolving, experimental institution. If it should ever cease to be so, it should be swept aside for a new approach.

The growth of social institutions is a phase during which, step by step, the form which adequately meets the need is shaped through selection or out of experience. Thus, an effort that has not yielded all the results hoped

for has not failed if it has provided positive experience on which a new approach can be based. An attempt which has proved the possibility of progress has served the cause of progress, even if it has had to be renewed again and again, and in new forms or settings in order to yield full success.

When we look back at the experiences in the United Nations over the past few years, we may differ among ourselves as to the wisdom of this or that particular stand, and we may have doubts about the end result of this or that step. But I think we can't dispute the value and historical importance of certain developments.

First of all, it proved possible in an emergency to create for the first time a truly international force. This force, although modest in size and, for constitutional reasons, also modest in aim, broke new ground which inevitably will count in future efforts to preserve peace and promote justice.

Lasting peace is not possible without recognition of fundamental human rights, and those human rights cannot reach their full development unless there is peace. The United Nations cannot lay down the laws for life within any national community. Those laws have to be established in accordance with the will of the people as expressed in the forms indicated by their chosen constitution. But just as the United Nations can promote peace, so it can, in joint deliberations, define the goals of human rights which should be the laws of the future in each nation. Whatever the distance be-



Herblock in the Washington Post

**'Listen—when I get through with it,  
it won't be worth belonging to.'**

*The Secretary-General's successful defiance  
of Khrushchev's efforts to force his ouster and halt UN  
Congo operations strengthened his leadership.*



tween these goals and the everyday reality we meet all around the world, it is not vain thus to set the targets as they present themselves to the most mature political thinking of our age.

The Universal Declaration of Human Rights, adopted by the General Assembly 13 years ago, is not, of course, a treaty. It has in itself no force of law; but as "a common standard of achievement for all peoples and all nations," it crystallizes the political thought of our times on these matters in a way influencing the thinking of legislators all over the world. The relationship of man to society is a relationship for which every generation must seek to find a proper form. In a world where the memory is fresh of some of the worst infringements on human rights ever experienced, the declaration should be our guide.

The United Nations has for years struggled with the problem of how to translate the Declaration of Human Rights into the text of an international convention or conventions. It is not surprising that in a world with very different cultural traditions, and among countries showing very different degrees of advancement of social institutions, such a translation has proved difficult. But the failure so far to reach agreement over the whole field should not lead us to believe that the work to realize fundamental human rights has come to a standstill.

The work for peace must be animated by tolerance, and the work for human rights by respect for the individual. A student of the growth of human rights through the ages will recognize its close relationship to the development of tolerance inspired by ethical concepts of religious origin. Attempts are made to link the development of human rights exclusively to the ideas which broke through to predominance in the age of enlightenment. However, to do so seems to me to be overlooking the historical background of those ideas. It means cutting our ties to a source of strength that we need in order to carry the work for human rights to fruition and to give to those rights their fitting spiritual content.

To some, the word "tolerance" may sound strange in a time of cold war and of negotiations from positions of strength; it may have an overtone of meekness or appeasement. And yet, have we reason to believe that what was true in the past is no longer true? It is not the weak but the strong who practice tolerance, and the strong do not weaken their position in showing tolerance. On the contrary, only through tolerance can they justify their strength in the face of those counter-acting forces that their own strength sets in motion.

I am sure that this holds true of all those in the present world situation who may be, or may consider themselves to be, strong—be it the industrialized West in relation to the underdeveloped countries, be it the powers whose military resources give them key positions, or be it those who have achieved a state of democracy toward which others still are groping.

I remember in this context words from another translation by Arthur Waley, this time from Tao Te Ching. Its paradoxical form and mystical background should not lead us to overlook its realism: "Heaven arms with pity those whom it would not see destroyed."

Over the ages and over the continents these words join with those of the psalmist: "There is forgiveness with Thee, that Thou mayest be feared."

*Methodism's "ambassador to the UN," Dr. Carl D. Soule, knows the world organization well. He is executive secretary of the Division of Peace and World Order, Board of Christian Social Concerns.*



## 4 Pivotal Issues

BY NO MEANS should we Christians look upon the United Nations General Assembly as a sports arena in which a world series is being played with a victory or defeat each day for the preferred team. In the assembly, as in a church, deep concerns are held by various nations and come to the surface in debates and resolutions. Rarely are problems completely solved, but progress may be expected. In the current Sixteenth General Assembly, alert churchmen will be interested in the following basic areas of debate and action:

1. *Membership of the UN.* All of us rejoice that the membership of the UN has doubled, but the people in East and West Germany, North and South Korea, the People's Republic of China, and certain territories in Africa are not represented. Of special significance is the absence of representation for the 600 million people on the China mainland.

2. *Disarmament.* Assemblies repeatedly have passed resolutions concerning disarmament. This is a very important, although unsolved, issue. The big powers always express a desire to disarm, but do not agree on plans. The small neutral nations feel very insecure in a world of atomic weapons and cold-war tensions. Surely Christians should hope and pray for progress in disarmament.

3. *World economic development.* An African delegate once remarked, "The Cold War kills us twice: once when it deprives us of economic help, and once when the fall-out descends upon our soil." The Fifteenth General Assembly decided that a UN capital development fund should be established and arranged for a committee to submit legislation to the current assembly. For many years the developing nations, which prefer that aid to them come through the UN, have been pressing for such a fund.

4. *Political freedom and human rights.* While about a billion persons in 30 countries have achieved independence since the birth of the UN, there are still gross violations of human rights in Angola, Mozambique, South-West Africa, and the Union of South Africa. In the assembly, speeches and resolutions will surely reflect the rising indignation of all continents concerning these violations.



*Horace, a wonderfully practical man, never had seen his . . .*

# Great Possessions

By DAVID GRAYSON

*"I am made immortal by apprehending my possession of incorruptible goods."*

I HAVE JUST had one of the pleasant experiences of life. From time to time, these brisk winter days, I like to walk across the fields to Horace's farm. I take a new way each time and make nothing of the snow in the fields or the drifts along the fences. . . .

"Why," asks Harriet, "do you insist on struggling through the snow when there's a good beaten road around?"

"Harriet," I say, "why should any one take a beaten road when there are new and adventurous ways to travel?"

When I cross the fields I never know at what moment I may come upon some strange or surprising experience, what new sights I may see, what new sounds I may hear; and I have the further great advantage of appearing unexpectedly at Horace's farm. Sometimes I enter by the cow lane, sometimes by way of the old road through the wood lot; or I let Horace discover me leaning with folded arms upon his cattle fence.

I have come to love doing this, for unexpectedness in visitors, as in religion and politics, is disturbing to Horace. As sand grits in oysters produce pearls, my unexpected appearances have more than once yielded pearly bits of native humor.

Ever since I have known him, Horace has been rather high and mighty with me; but I know he enjoys my visits, for I give him always, I think, a pleasantly renewed sense of his own superiority. When

*"I've been taking a crop from the field you think you own," David said, waving a hand to indicate Horace's high-field pasture.*





he sees me his eye lights up with the comfortable knowledge that he can plough so much better than I can, that his corn grows taller than mine, and his hens lay more eggs. He is a wonderfully practical man, is Horace; hardheaded, they call it here. And he never feels so superior, I think, as when he finds me sometimes of a Sunday or an evening walking across the fields where my land joins his, or sitting on a stone fence, or lying on my back in the pasture under a certain friendly thorn-apple tree. This he finds it difficult to understand, and thinks it highly undisciplined, impractical, no doubt reprehensible.

One incident of the sort I shall

never forget. It was on a June day only a year or so after I came here, and before Horace knew me as well as he does now. I had climbed the hill to look off across his own high-field pasture, where the white daisies, the purple fleabane, and the buttercups made a wild tangle of beauty among the tall herd's-grass. Light airs moved billowing across the field, bobolinks and meadow larks were singing, and all about were the old fences, each with its wild hedgerow of chokecherry, young elms, and black raspberry bushes. Beyond, across the miles and miles of sunny green countryside, was the mysterious blue of the ever-changing hills. It was a spot I loved then, and have loved more deeply every year since.

Horace found me sitting on the stone fence which there divides our possessions. I think he had been observing me with amusement for some time before I saw him, for when I looked around his face wore a comfortably superior, half-disdainful smile. He said:

"David, what ye doin' here?"

"Harvesting my crops," I said.

He looked at me sharply to see if I was joking, but I was perfectly sober.

"Harvestin' yer crops?"

"Yes," I said, the fancy growing suddenly upon me, "and just now I've been taking a crop from the field you think you own."

## READER'S CHOICE

Swept along by the press of daily events, we often fail to see where we are or where we've been. This story of an unusual harvest on a New England farm will awaken old memories and new perceptions. It first was printed in 1917, and Mrs. A. R. Marquardt of Lincoln, Nebr., was the first to suggest that we share it with you. It is reprinted, by permission, from David Groyson's book *Great Possessions*, © 1917 by Doubleday & Company, Inc. Have you a favorite article you'd like others to see? The first person to nominate a story used will receive \$25, as did Mrs. Morquardt.—EDS.

I waved my hand to indicate his high-field pasture.

"Don't I own it?"

"No, Horace, I'm sorry to say, not all of it. To be frank with you, since I came here, I've quietly acquired an undivided interest in that land. I may as well tell you first as last. I'm like you, Horace; I'm reaching out in all directions."

I spoke in as serious a voice as I could command: the tone I use when I sell potatoes. Horace's smile wholly disappeared. A city feller like me was capable of anything!

"How's that?" he exclaimed sharp-



ly. "What do you mean? That field came down to me from my grandfather Jamieson."

I continued to look at Horace with great calmness and gravity.

"Judging from what I now know of your title, Horace," said I, "neither your grandfather Jamieson nor your father ever owned all of that field. And I've now acquired that part of it, in fee simple, that neither they nor you ever really had."

AT THIS, Horace began to look seriously worried. The idea that any one could get away from him anything that he possessed, especially without his knowledge, was terrible to him.

"What do you mean, Mr. Grayson?"

He had been calling me "David," but he now returned sharply to "Mister." In our country when we "Mister" a friend something serious is about to happen.

I continued to look Horace coldly and severely in the eye.

"Yes," said I, "I've acquired a share in that field which I shall not soon surrender. And I have already had two or three crops from that field."

"Huh!" said Horace. "I've cut the grass and I've cut the rowen every year since you bin here. What's more, I've got the money fer it in the bank."

"Nevertheless, Horace," said I, "I've got my crops, also, from that field, and a steady income, too."

"What crops?"

"Well, I've just now been gathering in one of them. What do you think of the value of the fleabane, and the daisies, and the yellow five-finger in that field?"

"Huh!" said Horace.

"Well, I've just been cropping them. And have you observed the wind in the grass—and those shadows along the southern wall? Aren't they valuable?"

"Huh!" said Horace.

"I've rarely seen anything more beautiful," I said, "than this field and the view across it. I'm taking that crop now, and later I shall gather in the rowen of goldenrod and aster, and the red and yellow of the maple trees—and store it all away in my bank, to live on next winter."

It was some time before either of

us spoke. Suddenly he broke out into a big laugh and clapped his knee with his hand in a way he has.

"Is that all?" he said.

I think it only confirmed him in the light esteem in which he held me. Though I showed him unmeasured wealth in his own fields, ungathered crops of new enjoyment, he was unwilling to take them, and was content with hay. It is a strange thing to me—and a sad one—how many of our farmers (and, be it said in a whisper, other people, too) own their lands without ever really possessing them, and let the most precious crops of the good earth go to waste.

After that, for a long time, Horace loved to joke with me about my crops and his. A joke with Horace is a durable possession.

"S'pose you think that's your field," he'd say.

"The best part of it," I'd return, "but you can have all I've taken, and there'll still be enough for both of us."

"You're a queer one!" he'd say, and then sometimes add, dryly, "but there's one crop ye don't git, David," and he'd tap his pocket where he carries his fat pocketbook. "And as fer feelin's, it can't be beat."

So many people have the curious idea that the only thing the world desires enough to pay its hard money for is that which can be seen or eaten or worn. But there never was a greater mistake. While men will haggle to the penny over the price of hay, or fight for a cent more to the bushel of oats, they will turn out their very pockets for strange, intangible joys, hopes, thoughts, or for a moment of peace in a feverish world—the unknown *great possessions*.

So it was that one day, some months afterward, when we had been thus bantering each other with great good humor, I said to him:

"Horace, how much did you get for your hay this year?"

"Off that one little piece," he replied, "I figger \$52."

"Well, Horace," said I, "I have beaten you. I got more out of it this year than you did."

"Oh, I know what you mean—"

"No, Horace, you don't. This time I mean just what you do: money, cash, dollars."

He frowned. "How's that, now?"

"Well, I wrote a little piece about your field, and the wind in the grass, and the hedges along the fences, and the weeds among the timothy, and the fragrance of it all in June, and sold it last week—" I leaned over toward Horace and whispered behind my hand—in just the way he tells me the price he gets for his pigs.

"What!" he exclaimed.

Horace had long known that I was "a kind of literary feller," but his face now was a study of astonishment.

"What?"

Horace scratched his head, as he is accustomed to do when puzzled, with one finger just under the rim of his hat.

"Well, I vum!" said he.

Here I have been wandering all around Horace's barn—in the snow—getting at the story I really started to tell, which probably supports Horace's conviction that I am an impractical and unsubstantial person. If I had the true business spirit I should have gone by the beaten road from my house to Horace's, borrowed the singletree I went for, and hurried straight home. Life is so short when one is after dollars!

I should not have wallowed through the snow, nor stopped at the top of the hill to look for a moment across the beautiful wintry earth—gray sky and bare wild trees and frosted farmsteads with homely smoke rising from the chimneys. I should merely have brought home a singletree—and missed the glory of life!

AS I reflect upon it now, I believe it took me no longer to go by the fields than by the road; and I've got the singletree securely with me as though I had not looked upon the beauty of the eternal hills, nor reflected, as I tramped, upon the strange ways of man.

Oh, my friend, is it the settled rule of life that we are to accept nothing not expensive? It is not so settled for me. That which is freest, cheapest, seems somehow more valuable than anything I pay for; that which is given better than that which is bought; that which passes between you and me in the glance of an eye, a touch of the hand, is far better than any amount of minted money!



# And Then We Were Five

By MARGARET CAMPBELL

*"Then, looking down, I saw the cause  
of her excitement—our Steve  
sauntering blithely up to the altar. There,  
he turned around, searched the faces . . .  
and finally demanded, in a  
clear, loud voice: 'Where's Mamma?'"*



JULIAN, a widower with three small children, had done his best to warn me that some surprises—and probably a few shocks—awaited me when I moved into the little white cottage in our small Iowa town. But both before our wedding and during our honeymoon, I remained serenely confident that I could cope with whatever I might face as mother of three lively, growing children.

Already I knew the children and had grown to love them. My years of schoolteaching, so I thought, would give me a head start on solving any normal childhood problem. As an extra precaution, I had read Dr. Spock, Art Linkletter, and Jean Kerr. So even though their father kept referring to his tots as Indians, I secretly thought of them as my angels. Now, after two years, I'm

ready to admit that the children are adorable—but angels they are not!

Courtship should have given me an inkling, for it isn't every girl whose date takes her to a drive-in movie with three interested children hanging over the back of the seat. As an evening wore on, it would get even more cozy, with the three joining us in the front seat—four-year-old Steve fast asleep in my arms;

Connie, eight, also asleep with her head on my shoulder, and six-year-old Cal dozing in his daddy's lap. Under these conditions, holding hands wasn't exactly easy.

I didn't mind the giggles from the back seat, or the crowding in the front, but I was disconcerted when I learned Cal was keeping Mrs. Bennett, his teacher, and his kindergarten class posted on the progress of our relationship every day during show-and-tell time. "I asked Margaret to marry us last night," he had gleefully told his small classmates one day, making public the fact that he beat his father to the proposal.

**B**ACK from our honeymoon, I realized the kids were having difficulty getting accustomed to me. And I had the feeling that they were getting a diabolical kick out of my stupid mistakes. There was that first day when I dressed Steve and sent him out to play. In a few minutes, I heard the two older ones screaming with laughter. When I went out to see what they were finding so hilarious, they told me I had dressed my four-year-old in Cal's swimming trunks and Connie's panties instead of his own clothes.

Before my marriage, I had been sure that my teaching experience would come in handy once in a while. If asked, I'd thought, I might help Connie with an English lesson or assist Cal with his reading. But I've found that my children think I'm no more than half as smart as their teachers.

I've learned that people in the first grade know more than anybody—except people in the third grade. Four-year-olds just haven't a chance.

Steve asks me questions, but isn't always satisfied with the answers. "Do trains drown when they are in water?" he asks while I'm reading the paper after breakfast.

"Uh huh," I grunt, taking another sip of my coffee.

"What?" he says.

"Uh huh," I repeat, my eyes on the news.

"Why don't you speak English like I do?" he demands severely. "Yes or no, do trains drown when they're in water?"

"Yes," I say as I shift to Steve

Canyon. My son goes back to taking the wheels off his brother's stage-coach.

Actually, he considers Cal his best source of information because Cal never hesitates with his answers. The minute he pops, "Why do cows come in different colors?" Cal replies, "Because God wanted us to be able to tell them apart." Even "Why do pillows have middles?" and "Why is black?" don't faze Cal. They, too, are quickly answered.

Almost as confusing have been conversations with Connie. One day I asked her: "Did Mrs. Martin think you and Gene did well on your piano duet?"

"Yes. She said we are to play it this Sunday at the recital."

"Are you sure?" I questioned.

"Yes, we do pretty well, but sometimes he plays when I have rests, and sometimes I play when I have rests. I don't have any rests—except one rest in the right hand and two in the left."

Cal breezed in from first grade one day, sauntered past me without so much as a "Hi, Mom," plopped himself down on the floor behind the dining-room table, and emptied his pockets. My heart gave a thud as I saw him stacking pennies, nickels, and dimes. Finally I worked up enough courage to ask: "Where did you get the money, Cal?" I tried to mask my curiosity.

"... 58, 59, 60," he muttered in a businesslike tone. "Oh, it belongs to Dickie Allen and me. We're going to split it."

"But where did you get it?" I persisted.

That's how I learned about the buckeye industry. It seems that Cal and his friend Dick had found two buckeye trees and were selling the dark, glossy nuts for a penny apiece. Cal kept the money, Dick kept the extra buckeyes. This served as a check on each, Cal explained. If Cal spent the money, Dick got all those valuable buckeyes. The business thrived until someone else found the trees and confiscated the remaining buckeyes.

With the money he had earned, Cal bought colored chalk—a penny's worth each day—from the principal's office. He also came home with cap pistols, play money, rockets, rusty knives, and burst balloons as his "sal-

ary" from Dickie Allen. His job: chasing away girls. Cal informed me he enjoyed his work and only asked for pay when he felt he really deserved it.

Julian had come up from New Orleans to go into the real estate business with his father, and shortly after he had settled his motherless family into the little bungalow he took over direction of the Methodist choir. Every church woman took a special interest in him and his children, and from the time we were engaged all these maternal eyes were on me. But the women were kind, giving me lots of advice and watching with amused tolerance as I worked with the kids.

I sing in the choir, too, and we leave Steve in the nursery during Sunday-morning services. Cal and Connie are old enough, we believe, to sit through a sermon.

One beautiful Sunday morning, with the sanctuary bathed in the radiance of sunlight streaming through stained glass windows, I listened raptly as the minister wound up his sermon and sat down.

Suddenly, little Margaret Lang, sitting on her father's lap, let out a whoop. How timely, I thought. Then, looking down, I saw the cause of her excitement—our Steve, sauntering blithely up to the altar. There, he turned around, searched the faces of the congregation, and finally demanded in a clear, loud voice: "Where's Mamma?"

**I** SAT up with a jerk. All eyes in the church focused on me and my son.

"Cal, where's Mamma?" Steve repeated as he caught sight of his brother sitting in the second row. Cal tried to catch him, but he proceeded up the aisle, searching as he went, asking: "Where's Mamma?" Then Vi Augspurger grabbed his arm and pulled him into the pew beside her. When he looked up he saw me in the choir.

"There's Mamma," he announced triumphantly, "hi, Mamma."

I smiled weakly, waved, and slid down in my seat. But from then on the women of the church have accepted me as a mother, not just a substitute. What's more important, my three children have, too.



*The college football team faced a big problem—until*

# The Day Billy Sunday Kicked Off

*By T. H. McCLURE*

BILLY SUNDAY was blasting the devil out of Galesburg, Ill. Every night, in the twilight haze of a prairie fall, crowds poured into the tabernacle and on up the sawdust trail. Special "Billy Sunday Excursion" trains jammed the little Midwestern town. Even the county fair brought only half as many visitors.

Billy was in there pitching—this time the Gospel—and working as hard for the Lord as he once had for the Chicago White Stockings. And the folks who came out of curiosity stayed to pray and join the throng that went up to pledge themselves to the Christian way.

Nearly every one of us on nearby Knox College campus had been recruited for some chore in Billy's "Battle to Save Souls." Billy's effervescent choirmaster, Freddie Fischer, had stirred the Knox Glee Club into his 300-voice choir, and the usher corps had taken over 100 upperclassmen.

But all was not well on the Knox

campus. In this supercharged atmosphere of dedication, gate receipts at our football games had dropped to zero. There was serious debate about canceling the schedule for the balance of Billy's stay.

One day, after Billy had given a chapel talk to the student body, I fought my way to his side and began outlining our dilemma. Instantly he was all ears; right there, I was his boy. "You keep on with your games, Mac," he said. "We'll figure something out. Tell your team to come down to the tabernacle Friday night."

We turned out, all of us, that Friday. The tabernacle was jammed; those fortunate enough to have seats were right on the edge of them. Billy was in fine form—he took us down to hell and then up to heaven, and we came back to Galesburg, a-whooping and a-hollering as though we had engineered the trip ourselves.

After he'd given Satan his due (and

God, give them a good crowd and make sure they have good weather and put on a good show for everybody. And, God, I'm going to kick off. Please don't let me stumble. Thank you."

Billy repeated his announcement at the morning meeting next day. When the service was over, the tabernacle crowd headed right for the football field, taking their bag lunches with them. We had to open extra gates, put on more ticket takers, and hire a dozen small boys to go around with water buckets and dippers so the

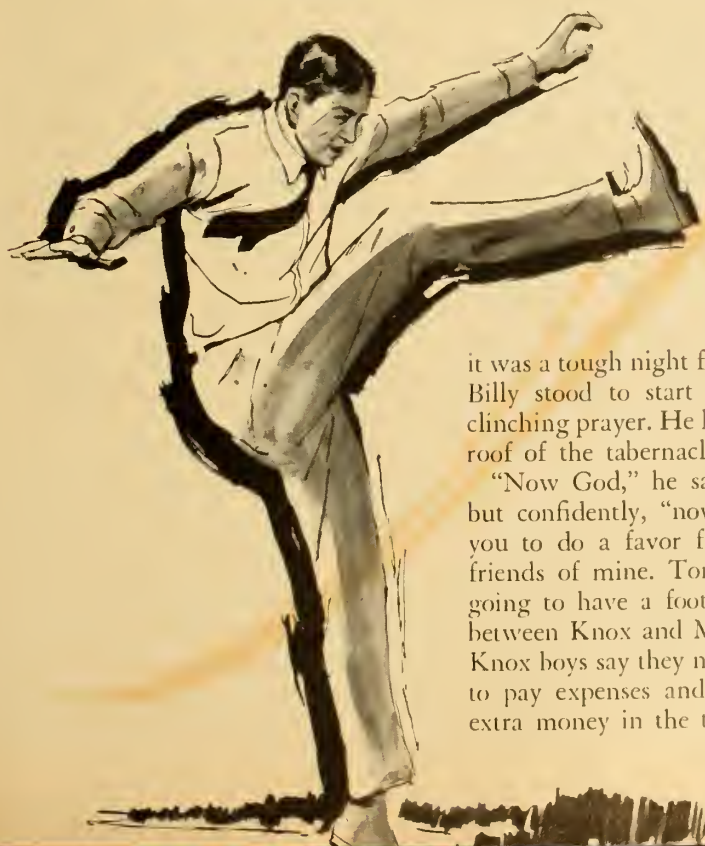


tabernacle crowd could wash down fried chicken and apple pie.

Even Freddie Fischer and his trombonist came over. Before long, he had the crowd singing hymns, college songs, anything they wanted—but everybody singing. The cheering section even worked up a couple about Billy and the devil. The sun was shining, the folks were happy . . . it was a wonderful day.

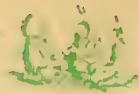
Then Billy appeared. The crowd went wild. Tossing me his hat, he strode onto the field and, as promised, gave the ball a good boot. Then "Fats" Emery, our captain, helped him get into a sweater with a big "K" on it. Right then, every Knox student became a Billy Sunday convert. As for Billy, he loved that sweater; even wore it at meetings in college towns years afterward.

For us at Knox the whole thing was a miracle—we rocketed from the doldrums to our most successful season in years. During the rest of Billy's mission in Galesburg, the football squad had a special rooting section right up front in the tabernacle, and Billy announced the games every week. We had a fine season—and Billy, God bless him, did too.



it was a tough night for the old boy). Billy stood to start his final, soul-clinching prayer. He looked up at the roof of the tabernacle.

"Now God," he said, respectfully but confidently, "now God, I want you to do a favor for some young friends of mine. Tomorrow we are going to have a football game here between Knox and Monmouth. The Knox boys say they need a full house to pay expenses and to put a little extra money in the treasury. Please,



# Who Should Speak for the Church?

**"As Methodists we have an obligation to affirm our position on social and economic questions."—*The Social Creed* (Section I).**

*Increasingly, the churches of America are speaking out on social, political, and economic issues. Statements by church agencies and leaders on such explosive matters as federal aid to schools, race, and disarmament are reported almost daily. But is it actually the voice of the church speaking? Critics both inside and outside the church claim official pronouncements often do not reflect the will of the membership. Some controversial declarations have provoked charges of "pacifism," and even "communism." In an effort to shed light on an area of growing concern to churches, three Methodist leaders (pictured at right) recently sat down with Rep. Walter H. Judd (R.-Minn.), who looks at the problem against a background of both church and government service. Here is the text of the discussion they had:*

**J**udd: During my 18 years in Congress I've been troubled at times by what seems to be a growing tendency for officials of the stronger church bodies to make statements which, however carefully qualified, give the impression that they are speaking for the one, two, or five million or more members of their particular denominations, and that these members all hold essentially the same opinion on a given issue.

For example, my own denomination has a so-called council of social action set up to study social, political, economic, and moral issues. They are supposed to do research work on these issues, present facts, and give the arguments pro and con to help the church members reach decisions in line with Christian principles.

It is regrettable, in my opinion, that the 22 persons on this council are all—or almost all—of one point of view. They generally announce their conclusions as if they were the opinions of the whole denomination,

rather than those of 22 Congregationalists. Generally they aren't those of all—or even the majority of—Congregationalists.

I think it would be more useful for them to try to convert Congregationalists to the point of view that their studies have convinced them is correct than to make statements, send telegrams, or try to get Congressmen to accept their position. I think also that these statements tend to close—rather than open—the minds of many of the people in the pews. They give the impression that the church is trying to bring in the kingdom of heaven by coercion of government, rather than by conversion of people.

Now this doesn't mean that the church shouldn't have something to say about government. Government is the most powerful single factor affecting the lives of most of our citizens today. It reaches into our businesses, our schools, our pockets, our homes; it takes our boys. And

whatever affects people must be the concern of any vital religion.

The question is how the churches can best influence government to act in accordance with Christian principles. Too often they try to do it not by challenging Christians to work through such channels as civic groups, political parties, and election campaigns, but by making statements before Congressional committees or using their agencies as pressure groups. They try to induce officials who did not seek office for Christian reasons to act as if they had.

Of course, the church ought to try to get all officeholders—along with all other human beings—to become Christians, but a far more important task is to try to get Christians to become officeholders. To sum this up, I'm opposed to direct political action by the Christian church or its agencies, but I'm for direct political action by the Christian members.

Someone has said that the primary role of the church in politics is not to try to speak for its members but to speak to them. The real work of the church is to change men and women so that they—individually and through their organizations—may change society, including government.

**Moorehead:** Congressman, I'm sure we're all agreed that inspiring individuals to political leadership and Christian witness is a primary task of the church. However, if we were under the domination of a cruel tyranny such as are the few Christians in Red China, would you recommend to the Christian churches that they follow this procedure? Or





*Congressman Judd was a college professor, a practicing physician, and served 10 years as a medical missionary to China before going to Washington in 1943.*

would you say that the church—as the church—should speak out against the tyranny of the state?

**Judd:** On issues so clear cut that there's practically no disagreement among the members, I think the church has a right to speak for them. Such matters as freedom and slavery are clearly in this area.

In this connection, I've often thought about the fact that Jesus lived in a time when slavery existed. Although not as thoroughly controlled as are the communist countries today, his own country was subjugated and his people were not free. Yet, as nearly as I can learn, he never organized a movement or made any pronouncements against slavery.

What Jesus did was to reveal to his people the nature of God, the goodness of God, the justice of God, and the sacredness and importance of every human being as a child of God. He gave man a new concept of his own worth. And when he made that concept clear, it became impossible for slavery to continue.

**Morgan:** It seems to me that we must recognize the clear-cut right and obligation of the church to speak. Labor unions, John Birch societies, Air Force manuals—they all assume the right to speak to the church, to society, and to government. I'm not willing to exclude the church as a group of people having the right to express itself in this free society, even though this invites the possibility that it will express itself foolishly. The only body which actually has the right to speak as the

representative of The Methodist Church is the General Conference, delegates to which are voted right up from the local churches. By the very act of making laws, it tells the world what the church wants to say.

**Judd:** I think that's the right answer. When the voice of the church springs from a democratic process, it can speak for the members with some authority.

**Morgan:** The General Conference meets only once every four years. It has delegated responsibility to another group of laymen and ministers for watching several issues. They often make statements—not in behalf of The Methodist Church—but in behalf of themselves as the Board of Christian Social Concerns.

**Judd:** What I'm saying is: I don't think such statements accomplish the purpose of the church, unless the pastors have been able to influence the members to the point where they very substantially support the same position.

**Truax:** Congressman, I understand much of your information comes from lobbies and pressure groups. Do you rely on this information to some extent?

**Judd:** Not to too great an extent.

**Truax:** Now what you're saying is that the labor unions and various professional lobbying groups have the right to come in and present information, but that the church does not have this right.

**Judd:** I never said you didn't have a right. But there's a world of difference between labor unions, which



*Dr. Lee C. Moorehead recently joined the faculty of Saint Paul School of Theology—Methodist, Kansas City, Mo.*



*Judge Lyle H. Truax presides over the Municipal Court in Vancouver, Wash.*



*Dr. James W. Morgan, of Austin, Texas, is University Methodist Church pastor.*

were set up to achieve certain political and economic purposes, and the churches, which generally have no way of knowing exactly what their members want. Do you take ballots from all your members?

**Truax:** The Methodist Church has a Social Creed which is approved every four years by the General Conference. It's the foundation of our social beliefs, and our statements are based upon interpretations of that creed. We have delegated the power of interpretation of it to the duly elected Board of Christian Social Concerns. Now when the board speaks, don't you think it should be given some credit?

**Judd:** Well, I'll tell you this: I haven't seen much influence on Capitol Hill by church organizations, and that's partly because when they make statements they haven't always done their homework adequately. When the Farmers Union, the AFL-CIO, or the Chamber of Commerce appears, it usually knows every detail of the issues and every comma in the bills. But on more than one occasion, members of the various denominations have appeared before committees, and when it came right down to spelling out the issues, they couldn't do it. Frankly, I've been embarrassed that representatives of the church—which is my own most intimate concern in life—sometimes show up poorly in comparison with secular groups.

It is the special work of the minister to teach Christian principles to laymen; it's the layman's task to teach them to the world.

**Morgan:** Let me give you one example of how legislation was influenced. I think it was in 1935 that the first major study of the Negro in the South was made by one of our woman's organizations. I don't ask you to believe that the antilynching laws were a direct result of this, but the study moved right up to the National Council of Churches and a change in attitude toward lynching began to take place. This is an example of the church getting good results by acting as a pressure group.

**Judd:** I want us to work harder at doing exactly what your women did in 1935. They went to work, studied the issues, and Christians began com-

ing out of the churches to exert influence. But too often church bodies give the impression that they are speaking for their members when they have not done the basic work of persuading the members to their point of view.

I must say I feel sorry for ministers sometimes. It's easier to get the impression that you're doing something important by presenting a resolution to Congress than it is to persuade those hardheaded fellows who sit out there in the pews 40 to 50 Sundays a year. I say it isn't the job of agencies to tell church members what they must think so much as to tell them that they *must* think. Given the basic information, I'm convinced that most Christians would reach the same conclusion.

**Moorehead:** I'm sure we agree that the church is in a much stronger position when we have a clear-cut moral issue. For example, in many of the states capital punishment is a major moral issue. A great many churches have spoken out on this issue and are opposed to capital punishment, by and large. This doesn't mean that all our laymen are opposed to it, but I imagine that a large majority are. A lawyer told me that he thought this was no business of the church whatsoever. Would you agree this is a clear-cut moral issue?

**Judd:** I think whatever affects human life is a concern of the church. I think it's not only the right but the duty of clergymen who have strong convictions to get up in the pulpit and say, "Thus saith the Lord. . ." If you challenge your people to practice Christian ethics and consider the issues, you'll be able to persuade them to go along. Most of them say it isn't the business of the church, because they haven't thought about it. It's your job to see that they *do* think about it.

**Morgan:** Let me ask you about a resolution that has caused as much misunderstanding as any one thing I can think of. The National Council of Churches appointed a group to study international concerns, and it came back fully convinced that America must move toward recognition of Red China. Now this is a highly controversial issue. But this was a group of earnest churchmen speaking both to the church and to the world, expressing the results of

their detailed study. When we look at these men, we must conclude that they had a right to speak. They had been called by the church to do this very thing. It would have been splendid if they had made a statement to which all of us agreed. But they didn't, and we began saying that the church has no right to discuss this issue.

**Judd:** My objection is not that they said such a thing. But I knew it wasn't representative of church public opinion, and I helped send out a telegram about it to every fourth clergyman in the United States. Of those who answered, 87 per cent didn't agree with the statement. The group should have presented the results of their studies to the churches, saying here's what we believe, please study it. That was their duty.

**Morgan:** Why did you wire all these pastors asking if they agreed with the statement when these men didn't say they spoke for the pastors but only for the committee?

**Judd:** You saw the headlines. But I didn't see a single church publication—maybe there were some—which disavowed the headlines and the impressions they gave. In politics you soon learn that it isn't what you said but what people are led to *believe* you said that counts. If the impression the reports gave was inaccurate, then the churches should have been the ones to come out and say they were misrepresented.

**Moorehead:** I, myself, saw stories stating that this was not even the National Council of Churches, as such, speaking. It was clarified in the *Christian Century* and, I believe, in our own Methodist publications.

**Judd:** Well, I think a certain impression was given, and that's what we have to deal with and try to correct if it's wrong. We felt that it was devastating to America's foreign policy to allow the impression to go around the world as it did that this was the position of the Protestant churches of America. We knew the great rank and file—about 87 per cent of the Protestant clergymen in America—didn't agree with it. The real job of those people at Cleveland was to work on their fellow clergymen and on their members—to speak *to* them and not *for* them.



# THRE<sup>E</sup> T<sup>O</sup> GET R<sup>E</sup>ADY AND F<sup>O</sup>UR T<sup>O</sup> G<sup>O</sup>

By J. FERRIS SWAN

I TEACH an all-boy church-school class for three reasons:

1. I attended one myself once.
2. I have a conviction about church responsibilities.
3. Nobody else would contend with that class of boys!

I rise on Sunday morning to a crescendo of rumblings down the hall. It sounds like a TV restaging of the Civil War—but it's only our four children, bright-eyed since six o'clock.

My wife and I firmly believe in having a quiet cup of coffee in the morning—just us, together. But the child-scout assigned to report parental activity is particularly alert on Sunday. Before I can say “mmmfff,” or my wife can reply “aaaghhh,” the children have surged downstairs ahead of us. There we find:

1. Two girls, their hair tousled and

still wearing their rumpled pajamas.

2. Boy with undershirt on backward and white shirt striped with green tooth paste.

3. Baby sans raiment.

In rapid-fire sequence they:

1. Tumble breakfast-food boxes down from the cupboard in grocery-clerk style.

2. Turn on the television fortissimo.

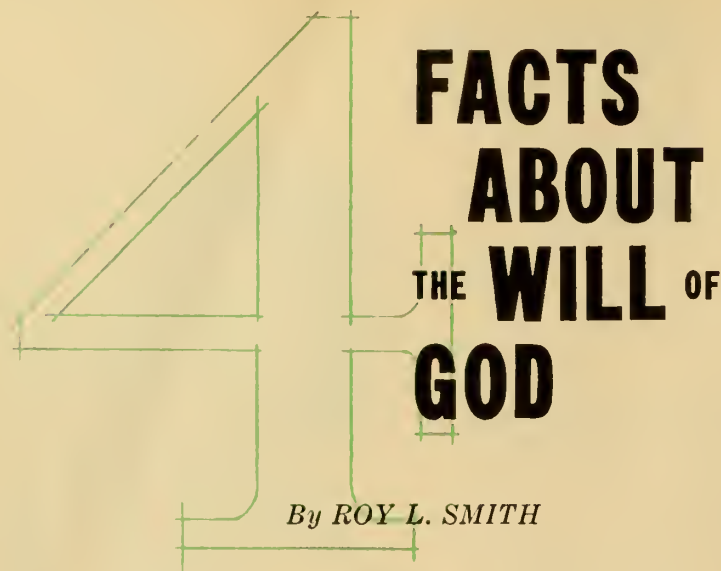
3. Spill the first quart of milk.

While they eat, my wife and I referee. Then, after we've swept up, mopped up, and piled up the dishes, we:

1. Herd the girls upstairs, argue them into something befitting the occasion, and hustle them downstairs brushed, buttoned, and beribboned.

2. Re-dress the boy, changing him into a shirt less remindful of a boy





**EVERY** CHRISTIAN should have the clearest possible understanding of the will of God, for in it is to be found the very essence of life.

Just as it is a matter of life and death to know something about radiation if one works about a nuclear reactor, so it is a matter of spiritual destiny to know a few facts about the will of God.

1. *The will of God is not subject to any alteration at the hands of man.* The first Psalm put the whole matter bluntly, but truly: "The way of the wicked will perish." The New Testament adds the comment that "God shows no partiality" (Acts 10:34). We will do well to remind ourselves that no scientist has ever enacted any natural law; he only discovers the law that God laid down in creation. Nor has any scientist ever repealed one of God's laws—they are as eternal as time.

2. *God's will is our highest good.* When God enacted his laws, he laid each one down with the loving purpose of doing well by his children. When we reject the will of God, we are deliberately choosing the second best, the inferior status, the less satisfactory achievements, and the more disappointing course. To refuse to do the will of God is to cut ourselves off from divine benefits.

3. *God is pressing his will upon us every waking moment of every*

*day.* As long as we are conscious, we are subject to the divine influence. Conscience, judgment, instinct, holy impulse—all these are allied to persuade us in the direction of God's plans for us. To live at less than our best is to cut ourselves off from God's best for us. In a thousand ways God is tempting us to be good, splendid, noble, generous, honest, upright, and useful. Selfishness is one way of resisting God.

4. *The complete will of God appears to those willing to do that part of his will which is already perfectly plain.* Just as the light goes on ahead, illuminating the dark path as we go forward with a lantern, so the will of God makes clear the second step once we have taken the first. He who determines to do the known duty, discovers that the obscure duty becomes plain immediately thereafter. None of us needs to see the whole way, if at least one forward step is perfectly plain.

Let any person who is confused be sure of two things: (1) If one duty is perfectly clear, then our course is laid out for us, and we can co-operate with God or defy him. There is no other choice. (2) If our duty is not perfectly plain, then we need not move until God has made it plain. It often happens that the highest dedication requires us to "wait upon the Lord."

marcher on St. Patrick's Day.

3. Meet the minimal demands of decency for Baby.

Next, we dress (Mother always manages to look like a queen!) and:

1. Find enough money for envelopes by shaking out pocketbooks and billfolds and by making furtive trips to secret hiding places.

2. Apportion the pile of coins according to envelope, date, and child.

3. Relight the lamp of loving fellowship which has dimmed somewhere between the six o'clock whoops and the first golden peal of the church bell.

To refuel the afore-mentioned lamp, we use these stock lines of persuasion:

1. Is that a nice way to treat your sister?

2. How would you like to be left home alone? (Not recommended; results sometimes negative.)

3. What if we lived under Communism?

Pause, kind reader, for a moment of reflection with me: I'm not one of those people whose church-school demeanor blooms at the church steps. Mine blossoms right at home, during my morning shave. When I cut my neck, I may grind my teeth a bit, but I never curl a lip. I don't want to cut that, too. I try to smile when a button breaks, the hairbrush disappears, or a shoelace snaps.

Such virtue hath its own reward. In no time at all my merry and positive thinking puts me behind the wheel of the family car, awash with perspiration but triumphantly calm. Though the horn is my summons, I shall not honk—and disturb the neighbors!

Once on the road, we may find certain items missing, such as:

1. Bibles.

2. Offerings.

3. Boy.

These retrieved, we button on our smiles again as we tread up the front steps of the church, where I:

1. Relax. The beachhead has been gained.

2. Survey my class of boys. Proudly. By George! Everybody's here!

3. Pray. Humbly, for me and my lack of patience. Earnestly, for my noisy but wonderful family. Thankfully, for the strong arms of my church and the reassuring words of another Teacher a long time ago.





*Call to worship: Nolly Byrd, whose grandmother chose the site, is master of an ancient skill.*

## MISSISSIPPI

# Camp Meeting

ONCE AGAIN this fall, when October comes to cool the vast pine forests of southern Mississippi, the mellow notes of the hunter's horn will sound over New Prospect campground. For 81 years, Jackson County folk have answered this time-honored call to fellowship and worship.

New Prospect, one of five active campgrounds remaining in the state, is more than a tabernacle surrounded by cabins. It is typical of others; it is a tradition; it is a living link with that far day when Methodism moved in with the circuit riders to flourish in a wilderness.



## MISSISSIPPI *Camp Meeting*

(continued)

GONE ARE the buggies, wagons, and hitching posts. Shiny new automobiles purr up an asphalt roadway to park among the pines at New Prospect. Saucy hats and late fashions have taken the place of sunbonnets and gingham dresses; men with clean-shaven faces have replaced the bearded heroes of Shiloh, Vicksburg, and Corinth. No longer do coal-oil lamps and lanterns flicker in the night—for now electricity has come to the camp.

Not all things have changed, however; since the autumn of 1880 when the new campground opened with its tabernacle and five large tents. The daily program of worship is as thorough as ever. It begins at 8 a.m. and concludes with the evening service at 7:30 p.m. In between are morning and afternoon services, a children's sing, and two prayer meetings.

Originally, a camp meeting was any religious service of several days length which was held outdoors for a group that took shelter on the spot—usually because of their distance

*In perfect step: Prettily,  
between church school and church,  
they parade the grounds.*

*In Mississippi, 'tis said, it  
never rains on the second Sunday  
of October. This was Saturday!*







*"Heavenly Sunshine": It's the children's afternoon Gospel sing with Ruth Ketchem at the piano.*

from home. Formerly the pioneers came in wagons, in the saddle, or afoot, living in tents or sleeping on the ground beside great roaring fires. While the automobile age makes it no longer necessary for all families to stay overnight at New Prospect,

many do, putting up for the duration in cabins of rough slab pine which they have built at their own expense on property donated by the campground. They come supplied with enough food and provisions to last; and school-aged children commute

to classes by a bus which stops at the grounds every morning and returns them in the afternoon.

The first camp meeting in the U.S. is believed to have been held near Russellville, Ky., in 1799. But most meetings in Mississippi grew out of





*What dreams does he dream?  
Of faraway places, of heroes dead?  
Perhaps. Or could it be a  
pulpit of his own, someday?*

*The beloved old hymns ring out  
in the tabernacle just as they did when  
L. E. Havens, 77, was a boy here.*





# **MISSISSIPPI** *Camp Meeting* (continued)

*Scores come to kneel in prayer at the chancel during the protracted meeting which, on Sunday, has more than 500 in attendance.*

earlier ones which sprang up to the east. Among the westward moving pioneers from the Carolinas, for example, were men and women who had been converted in such gatherings and saw the camp meeting as a

wholesome influence in areas which were sometimes frequented "by numerous infidels, murderers, highway robbers, counterfeiters and horse thieves."

So the camp meeting filled a defi-

nite need in a wilderness without churches or organized religious groups. Even the tough, mobile circuit riders found it impossible to carry the Gospel to every family.

The Rev. J. B. Cain, Methodist his-





*Snapshot keepsake: Kristy Wilson photographs her family before their "tent."*

## MISSISSIPPI Camp Meeting (continued)

torian of Magnolia, Miss., says that there have been only two years when

*Only the post remains,  
but descendants of John Flurry,  
a founder, still attend.*

no camp meetings were held in the state. Since the first one near Washington, Miss., in 1804, he writes, "the known campgrounds in the Mississippi Conference reached the 100 mark and dozens of Methodist campgrounds never got into the records and have vanished without a trace."



*In the cool of the evening  
veterans of many meetings join in  
renewed fellowship, swapping  
their yarns in rocking-chair comfort.*



*"Boy, there isn't any candy  
better than a stick of this juicy  
Mississippi sugar cane," says  
Grandpa to Leroy Davenport, 7.*







## MISSISSIPPI Camp Meeting (concluded)

NEW PROSPECT has weathered depression and storm during its 81 years. Fire destroyed the tabernacle and cabins in 1902 and 1907, and, today, only a single post from one of the old buildings remains. Tragic events caused suspension of four meetings: the great depression of the late 1880's was responsible in 1896, 1897, and 1898. The influenza epidemic prevented a meeting in 1918.

But New Prospect holds tenaciously to its hallowed spot of earth in the pine groves of southern Mississippi. It will be ready again in October to welcome the hundreds who make this old-time camp meeting an extra-special, sacred event in their lives. For the message of salvation there is as fundamental and true as it was in 1880.

*After the nightly service, the camp's bustle becomes a murmur. In the M. L. Davis "tent," Gloria Kelly (nearest) and Lonette Davis prepare to retire.*

*Camp meetings are family affairs. Here, among whispering pines, three generations give thanks for the bounty of an evening meal.*







*A prolific writer, Dr. Deschner's special interests are music, hiking, travel, and John Wesley's Christology.*

THE DOCTRINE of the Trinity is the great doctrine of the oneness of God. It is the Christian answer to idolatry.

Sometimes we overlook that. We secretly wonder whether Father, Son, and Holy Spirit aren't three gods after all. Why can't men who study these matters give us clearer explanations? In fact, aren't the Jews really right about this matter? There is really only one God; and if we must use three names, let's admit they are at most three ways by which *we* describe him. Or, putting traditional doctrines aside, we think: There is one God who is a Spirit, and Jesus, among others, teaches us about him.

But neither Scripture nor the church will let us rest here. Examine yourselves! they say. How many gods do you serve? How many good and legitimate principles, God-given for our use, have become objects of worship for you, got unaccountably out of hand, and wreaked havoc with your life?

Think a bit. There's the principle of security, embodied perhaps in my insurance program, good enough in itself. But what has happened when I sign up at the airport for the astonishing additional sums of "the maximum coverage"?

Or there's the principle of personal fulfillment and one's right to a little recreation, also God's good right in itself. What has happened when I let the family go its way, while I relax with my secondhand boat and trailer? Or there's the principle of personal liberty, God-given in itself. What has happened when I have salted away a little money to pay for a divorce, if I need it; or sought refuge in the bowling alley from Junior and his homework? And there are others—all good principles under God, but all destructive as idols. How many gods do you serve? Most of us would be hard put to reduce it to 3, 10, or 20. The truth is that we are full of warring

We Believe / No. 10 / FALL & WINTER SERIES

# God... Son... Holy Spirit

By JOHN DESCHNER

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idols, each claiming priority on a part of our lives.

The Christian Gospel teaches us that there is one triune (three-in-one) God, and that he is the conqueror of all other gods. What does this mean?

Let me begin by suggesting that most of us put our idols into two families, whether consciously or not. There are the condemning idols and the indulgent idols. The condemning idols represent our standards—those standards we are never able quite to live up to. They say: You ought, but you don't and can't; therefore, you are justified in simply keeping up appearances. I ought to be a success, but I can't; therefore, I am at least justified in buying a new car to keep up my reputation until things change for the better.

So the condemning idols speak; and they drive us to put on masks, to keep up appearances even if it kills us with anxiety deep inside. That is what St. Paul called self-justification, or trying to make oneself look good by doing the works of the law. But this kind of life is the worst denial of the abundant life God wills for his children. Jesus used hard words for it. He called such people "whitewashed tombs." In fact, this arduous life behind the masks is the great victory of the idols. The condemning idols drive us to live a lie.

And so we turn to the second family of our idols. We appeal for help to our saving gods. And it is absolutely basic for the life of sin that they should not be the same as the condemning gods. There must be a strict division of labor among the idols! Otherwise, they would be shown up to be what they are: gods whose condemnation is without authority, whose salvation is without power! And so we turn to the idols who indulge us, the gods who promise a way out.

And common to the message of all of them is this: Don't face reality! Just wait. Reality will change in your favor. Meanwhile, keep your mask on or, better, touch

it up a bit! Are you worried by your lack of social success? Don't worry. Change your personality a bit—why not learn a memory system?—and success will come your way. Or, are you worried at your failure to advance? Don't worry; it's not your fault; learn how to play to the boss's weakness a little more skillfully, and you'll advance. Or the really serious idol says: don't rock the boat; just wait; there'll be another world after you die, and there you'll be happy (moreover, those who have held you down will get theirs, too)!

As you see, the indulgent gods have their price. They, too, ask us to keep up the façade for the present, and above all not to face the truth. The one thing our idols will never tell us is to confess our sins, forgive our enemies, and stand up as men before our Creator.

**N**OW, all that is background for understanding the doctrine of the Trinity. For Christians know the One God who really is Lord over all these idols, and who liberates us from them to be real men again. How do Christians know that? In Jesus Christ. He—Jesus Christ—is the root of the doctrine of the Trinity, for he shows us God's love of sinners. Because we trust in Christ's Good Friday and Easter, we know the goodness of God.

Let me emphasize that. The doctrine of the Trinity is not the best theory about God that the theologians could think up. Left to themselves, theologians could and should have provided something much more acceptable! The trouble is, it would have been acceptable to sinners, to men with masks. But theologians, like all other sinners, have not been left to themselves in this matter. God has broken in and shown us himself, as he really is. And he did that in Jesus Christ on Good Friday and Easter.

If we're going to understand the doctrine of the Trinity—if we're going to understand God, as far as human minds can—we shall have to begin with what we learn in Jesus Christ. He is the key to all we Christians can say about God.

And what do we learn in Jesus Christ? We learn that our idols have really stolen something of God and tried to represent it to us without His authority or power. For God does both judge and save. And this is what the doctrine of the Trinity tries to say: The Father God who creates and judges us and the Holy Spirit who empowers us to new life are shown to be *One* God in the revelation of God's son, Jesus Christ. But from Christ we learn that God judges and saves with a realism far beyond the power of any idol or man to imagine. The Father God judges with real authority, seeing the true facts of the case. The Holy Spirit saves with real power, seeing the true condition of his hopelessly lost child. And he does both; he, the One God, both judges and saves.

That means that His judgment has a healing quality and intention, like that of a surgeon who must hurt to heal. It also means that his salvation is quite just and true, that it is right for us to be saved in this way. To put a point on it: He "condemns" us to be real men and women again! And he saves sinners! Because he is the One God, he goes straight to the heart of the

real situation. He has no use for that miserable game of masks which the idols delight to have us play. He loves the truth. No truth, not even the truth of our sin, is unlovable to him.

I said we know of this deep realism in God's dealings with us through Jesus Christ. How? Through the message which he enacted and embodied on Good Friday and Easter.

On *Good Friday*, Jesus was crucified because he refused to stop associating with sinners and, moreover, offered this wideness of love as a parable of the attitude of God toward sinners. He refused to abandon either his solidarity with the tax collectors and harlots, or his claim that this solidarity represented God. This is why the theologians of the day cried, "Blasphemy!" for Jesus claimed that God's holy love does not follow the channels of morality but breaks out of those channels to find sinful men. In short, Jesus' cross revealed God as the one whose holy, judging love aims to find, stick by, and heal the real man behind the mask.

And on *Easter*, God confirmed that Jesus' witness about him was true. God raised him from the dead, reconstituted him and his ministry bodily. And the meaning of Easter is: God bears witness that Jesus' "blasphemy" is nothing less than the deepest truth about God's own way with men. In Good Friday and Easter, God broke through to men with the Gospel; that is, God's love sees and judges the real man behind the mask, but condemns him to health and life!

Because Jesus died and was raised, the Christian church bears witness that the idols, with their half-judgments and half-salvations, have been overtaken and conquered by the really serious judgment and salvation of God. No more masks and anxious projects of self-justification and self-improvement! God has justified the right of the sinner to be himself, to start just as he is, and to grow in freedom and love into his real maturity as a child of God.

**T**HIS fundamental insight into God, received from the death and Resurrection of Jesus Christ, is the root of the doctrine of the Trinity. It is the great insight that God is truly one God, and that he has broken the power of the idols. How is that so?

First: Jesus Christ has shown us the peril of playing with any other thoughts of God than the ones which he has shown us. We cannot help ourselves. Our eyes don't see straight any more. If we try to think of God apart from what Jesus has shown us, we will inevitably imagine a God who is either a condemning idol or an indulgent idol. Only in Jesus' revelation of God is our sinful vision corrected. There we learn of the One God whose judgment and love are realistic and one.

Second: Jesus Christ has shown us, however, the truth of the one-sided Jewish emphasis that God the father is a God of law and judgment. The God we meet in Jesus Christ is truly the God who has created us, who has stamped upon us a nature which is good and which we conceal and violate at the cost of losing contact with our true selves. The father of Jesus Christ will not deal with his creatures in any way which forgets that. He is not ready merely to overlook what





*Opened in 1915, Perkins School of Theology has 429 students and a fine physical plant ranging around this quadrangle on the southwest corner of the Southern Methodist University campus. It is named for Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Perkins, who contributed millions to its endowment.*

is past and start all over again with us. He loves not only what we are now but what we have been, and what we have made of ourselves. He loves us wholly, our pasts included, for we are also what we have done. He loves sinners. And that is why he suffers. He brings not only the medicine for the present penitent but the surgery which can search out all the cancers of our past impenitence.

To show us the penetration of the Father's love, Jesus is ready to die; because God's love must find and reach the dead man in us, the man who has died to God's will for him on so many past occasions. God the father loves his children so deeply and truly that he is ready to suffer in order that nothing in their past will remain lost or untouched by the healing of his powerful love. But that only says much more strongly what the Jew always tried to say, but couldn't express: God the father remains faithful to his creation, to his law, to his judgment of things as they really are. In the light of Jesus Christ, we can say that God never ceases to be the father of all men. He is not only our healer, our surgeon, but also the one who takes responsibility, at great cost, for our distortion of the man he created each one of us to be.

Third: Jesus Christ has also shown us, however, the truth of the one-sided Greek emphasis that God is the power who makes all things new. The early Church, with its Greek-trained leaders, never tired of saying that God is the Great Physician who brings his sick children to health again. The Holy Spirit is this principle of healing and growth in their writings. But, with in-

sight derived from Christ, they saw the heart of the matter: healing of the symptoms, the outward sins, will not help until the inner man is found, the true man whom God created. Moreover, the Healer must be the one who has, by His judgment, found the real man. This is why the Scriptures and the early fathers constantly point out that the Holy Spirit is the Spirit of Jesus Christ. He is the one who shows us what *Christ* means for us. Why this emphasis? Because they wanted us to know that the power of our healing comes from the same father who created and judges us, the father of Jesus Christ.

Is it now clear why I want to emphasize that the Trinity is the great doctrine of the oneness of God? My reason is that Jesus Christ has shown us that the judging and loving God are one. God the Father and God the Holy Spirit are one as revealed to us in the death and Resurrection of God the Son in Jesus Christ. And on the truth of this hangs nothing less than the rightness, the truth of our coming to health again.

Many of us have experienced as children the appeal from the displeasure of our fathers to the love of our mothers. But it was never right until we knew that her forgiveness and love represented that of our father as well. On a different level, that is what the doctrine of the Trinity is about. And that means that no man, no matter how deeply he has hidden himself behind his mask, has the right to say, "God's love may be for others; it is not for me." No, it is for "me, even me" (John Wesley), because God is one. That, I think, is what the doctrine of the Trinity tries to express.



# Light Unto My Path

WEEKLY MEDITATIONS BY MINISTERS ON INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

*OCTOBER, with World Wide Communion Sunday, World Order Sunday, and Reformation Sunday, is a month of Christian rededication around the world. To em-*

*phasize The Methodist Church's work in foreign fields, we asked ministers in this quadrennium's four Lands of Decision to prepare these meditations.—YOUR EDITORS*

## OCTOBER 1

*And the child grew and became strong, filled with wisdom; and the favor of God was upon him.—Luke 2:40*

**G**OD HAD A boy to raise. How did he go about it? Did Jesus have it better than other boys because God was his Father?

The heavenly father did not shield his boy from the realities of this life. The boy grew and became strong side by side with many who were weak. God raised a normal boy in a partly tragic world—in the same world in which we must raise our children. In this, too, then, he shares our anxieties and our aspirations.

The Galilean village home in which Jesus grew had its limitations, but not in the things which matter most. Jesus shared with many children of this world talented and spirited ancestors, wonderful parents, a strong heritage of truth, a wholesome upbringing, a life-affirming spiritual environment that filled him with wisdom and gave him excellent standards for living and giving.

The favor of God was upon the boy he raised. God's favor is always something special, for he never acts automatically. Have you ever watched a candy machine at work? With automatic precision it puts an exact covering of chocolate over each piece of caramel cream that passes by. The favor of God is not expressed in this way. God's love is free-flowing and completely generous, benefiting everyone, yet there is evidence that he acts very personally toward responsive individuals. The boy Jesus had a perfectly responsive heart that flourished in a beautifully responsive family.

The Father shared with this responsive boy the deepest cares of his great heart, so that when Jesus became a man he was ready to take upon himself the whole burden of the world and sacrifice himself for every life that enters the world. Ponder it well . . . "the favor of God was upon him."

**Prayer:** Father, may our family share with thee the task of love that

would make it possible for every child everywhere to grow in strength and wisdom and thy favor. Amen.

—MAURICE CULVER

## OCTOBER 8

*I press towards the goal to win the prize which is God's call to the life above, in Christ Jesus.—Philippians 3:14 (New English Bible)*

**M**OST MISSIONARIES en route to Asia visit Pompeii at one time or another. It is a rewarding experience, providing the visitor with a unique view of the Roman world of Paul's time.

For the Christian traveler today, Pompeii provides positive proof that the hunger for luxury, power, and success was as compelling for the Christians of Paul's congregations as for us. One can understand why the apostle urged all his congregations, including his favorite flock at Philippi, to "be followers together of me" and pattern their lives after his example. For Paul did not want their thrust for God diverted into other channels. The apostle had one goal toward which he spent his strength—one main conviction occasioned by his experience upon the Damascus Road. To quote his Philippian letter:

"All I care for is to know Christ, to experience the power of his Resurrection, and to share his sufferings, in growing conformity with his death, if only I may finally arrive at the resurrection from the dead."

This one goal—this Christ-intoxicated singleness of purpose—was the secret of Paul's power. To be effective workers for Christ, we, too, must edit our ambitions and desires. As Kierkegaard, the Danish thinker, has argued compellingly for moderns, "Purity of heart is to will one thing," so the apostle portrayed this singleness of purpose needed in the Christian life in his metaphor of the runner pounding down toward the finish line: "This one thing I do . . . forgetting what is behind me, and reaching out for that which lies ahead, I press towards the goal to win the prize which is God's call to the life above, in Christ Jesus."

**Prayer:** O God, help us to be true to the high calling which thou hast for each one in Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen.

—DAVID A. GARRIGUS

## OCTOBER 15

*He answered, "Love the Lord your God with all your heart, with all your soul, with all your mind."—Matthew 22:37 (New English Bible)*

**W**HY WEIGHT is my love; by it am I borne whithersoever I am borne."

Thus wrote Saint Augustine, early Christian church father, in his *Confessions*. Like one of those delightful toys which, driven by a weight inside, perform the strangest dances, so our loves act as a force of gravity, moving us toward their object.

No man is better than the object of his love. Modern psychology impresses on us the importance of an ultimate commitment. Our text directs us to the legitimate object of that commitment, God—the Father of Jesus Christ—is our center of gravity: whenever our love tends to him, we find stability in life.

Fasten your love on somebody or something lower, and life becomes chaotic and topsy-turvy.

"Love the Lord your God" is not only a prescription for worship, it is a prescription for sanity. We are not commanded to love him with our heart, soul, and mind for God's sake, but for the sake of our heart, soul, and mind. When we find true rest in Him, the heart finds ultimate love, the soul ultimate meaning, the mind ultimate truth.

All other loves, all other meanings, all other truths fall then into place. Only as these things center in Him, do we find true unity. In the love of the one God, we are made whole—and immediately turned toward serving our neighbors and the world in true love.

Can we love God with this singleness and totality of purpose? Is it possible to command love? "How we can ever come to be challenged by so fantastic a demand is quite in-



conceivable," someone has said. We may certainly understand that God should be loved; we may even wish and decide to love him—but how can we love him wholly, and love him purely, and love him spontaneously? An old church council put the answer in these terms: "To love God is absolutely his own gift. He himself, who loves without being loved, gave us the power to love him."

And five centuries before, John had said it even more clearly and simply: "We love, because he first loved us" (1 John 4:19).

**Prayer:** Eternal Love, who art everywhere present, teach us to love thee even as thou hast loved us; move us to surrender all our loves to thee, that we may find them anew and purified in Thee. Amen.

—JOSÉ MIGUEZ BONINO

OCTOBER 22

*Not looking each of you to his own things, but each of you also to the things of others.*  
—Philippians 2:4 (ASV)

**A**T PENTECOST no one saw the tongue of fire on his own head, but on the heads of others. Although each one alike was filled with the Holy Spirit, each began speaking in a different tongue the mighty works of God. Here was a precious experience of the Spirit for each individually, but also accompanied by an awareness of others—some on whom the tongues of fire rested who were likewise blessed and some who would receive the blessing as they heard the Good News in their own tongue.

The Christian experience is plural—self and others. While on the one hand it is deeply personal, it must also extend beyond ourselves into other lives, both of believers and nonbelievers. This was the experience of the early Church. This was the example of Jesus, "Who, existing in the form of God, counted not the being on an equality with God a thing to be grasped" for himself alone. "But . . . taking the form of a servant . . . humbled himself . . . even unto death, yea the death of the cross" for others.

The plural experience of maintaining a proper spiritual balance between self and our outreach to others should be a deep daily concern. The love that sought and won us must daily be permitted through us to reach others. There must be a willing forbearance for the sake of more than ourselves. The pedestal of self, even in a spiritual striving, must broaden into an arena where we join with and help others to "press toward the goal unto the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." This is what Paul covets for the Philippians, and for us.

**Prayer:** Gracious Lord, as daily I put my hand in Thine, help me also to reach to others. In thy name and for thy sake, I ask this. Amen.

—EDWARD K. KNETTLER

OCTOBER 29

*Speaking the truth in love, we are to grow up in every way into him who is the head, into Christ, from whom the whole body joined and knit together by every joint with which it is supplied, when each part is working properly, makes bodily growth and upbuilds itself in love.*—Ephesians 4:15-16

**I**F WE LOOK at the drawings which depict the structure of the human body with its intricate relationship of bones, muscular tissue, organs, and nervous system, we marvel at the amazing way we are "joined and knit together." Although Paul did not have the benefit of such graphic and accurate descriptions, he was so impressed with the interrelationship of bodily parts to each other that he utilizes this simile again and again to refer to the unity of the Church.

We must ask, however, if the human body, so complex and yet so co-ordinated, is an apt illustration, either of the unity we have in the Church or the unity we may hope to have.

Most of us have known local churches in which differences on policy, building programs, a pastor's work, or the role of the church in social change have had disastrous effects.

Glowing accounts of missionary work only hint at tensions between missionary and national, among nationals eager for higher positions, among missionaries themselves.

Denominational divisions continue to embarrass us, in spite of happy examples of fellowship and co-operation. How can we speak of "each part working properly," of "bodily growth," of building up in love?

By looking back to the preceding verses we discover the only resources for the growth in unity Paul envisioned, whether present or future. There is "one Spirit . . . one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of us all." By His grace we have been given our respective callings—apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, teachers. Receiving all this, "speaking the truth in love, we are to grow up . . . into Christ . . . joined and knit together." Such is our hope for the unity which makes real growth possible.

**Prayer:** O God, let the wonder of thy creation be the goad which drives us to the resources thou hast provided for unity and for growth. Amen.

—RICHARD C. BUSH



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Hong Kong

# Teens Together

By RICHMOND BARBOUR



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz

**Q** *I'm a freshman at a big university. I board at a sorority house, although not a member. Most of the sorority girls smoke and drink. They boast of doing bad things and call me "the innocent one" because I believe in God. Is something wrong with me?*—S.G.

**A** No. They are making mistakes, but you aren't. Probably they only half believe what they say. Many college students are that way. The Methodists have an excellent church and student program at your university. Go to the campus pastor. He'll help you understand. And make plans to board in a better place next year.

**Q** *My parents don't believe in forcing their religion on me. They say the time has come for me to choose a church. I'm a girl of 14. The denomination I like best is the Methodist. Can you tell me if their doctrines really are Christian? Are the ministers well trained? Are Methodists good, reliable people? In other words, is it a good church to join?*

**A** Indeed it is. I would answer each question with a strong yes. Talk with the minister of your nearest Methodist church. He'll help you understand.

**Q** *I am a boy, 15. I enjoy rock 'n' roll. My parents are opposed to it. Dad wrote a sarcastic letter to the paper razzing my taste. Now the kids tease me about what he said. Was it fair for him to advertise our disagreement?*—C.V.

**A** Probably what he did was unfair. It's better for family members to discuss their differences in private. Each generation develops its

own special kind of popular music. Almost always the elders disapprove. Probably you'll disagree with your children about their music when the time comes.

**Q** *I am a soph in college. My girl wanted to get married right away. I told her I couldn't until after I graduated. Now she threatens to date other boys. I told her to go ahead. Am I wise, or foolish?*—J.H.

**A** You are wise.

**Q** *I'm a boy, 14. My buddy is Mexican. We've run around together since the second grade. My parents didn't mind at first, but now they say I can't invite him to our house. How do they get that way?*—B.E.

**A** Many people are prejudiced against those whose skin has more pigment than theirs. Our church teaches equality. Each soul matters equally to God. Would your parents be willing to talk about this with your minister? He might be able to help them.

**Q** *I'm a girl, 18, and have been going with a boy with a police record. I'll admit he is dishonest and crude. I want to marry him so I can reform him. Mama says I'm foolish. Do you agree with her?*—I.M.

**A** Let's say you're unwise. Many girls fall in love with boys who have bad character traits and think they can reform them. A few marry and find they've made a terrible mistake. Almost never does marriage in itself significantly improve a person's character. Better listen to your mother.

"What do you mean, I'm not as spiritual as I could be? I bowl in three church leagues, don't I?"

**Q** *I attend a Christian college. I was shocked to hear that professors in some universities go out of their way to undermine the faith of their students. It is hard for me to believe that any teacher would do such a thing. What sort of men are anti-Christian professors?*—A.W.

**A** By my standards they are unworthy. Those I have known have been a bit immature. They enjoyed hurting others. Many are brilliant, but still childish. I believe professors should try to teach their students to think. They should open new horizons. They certainly should not try to blast their faith.

**Q** *What's wrong with me? I'm in love with three boys. By the time this letter reaches you, I probably will be in love with some others. I'm 13. Would you call me fickle, or just plain crazy?*—G.S.

**A** Neither. I'd call you normal. Thousand of girls of 13 have crushes on several boys simultaneously and change quickly. Don't worry about it. Some day you will love only one.

**Q** *My boy friend is 16. Some months ago, while hunting, he accidentally killed a boy. He aimed in another direction, but the bullet rico-*



ched. Even so, people held it against him. Some called him a murderer. Is that fair?—M.C.

**A** It is very unfair, but understandable. Many people unconsciously look for scapegoats to blame whenever awful things happen. Your boy friend should try to remain friendly and understanding. The tide will turn in his favor.

**Q** Last year I played football and received a broken collarbone. This year my parents will not let me play. The coach says I can't play without their written consent. Is there any way to make them change?—F.I.

**A** I know of none. Football is a risky sport. Many parents don't let their sons participate. Try to be a good scout about it.

**Q** I'm a girl, 16. My dreams frighten me. They are about boys and men. The dreams are dirty and immoral. Do they mean that I'm depraved? Will I grow up to be a prostitute?—N.W.

**A** No, you won't. Millions of young people have such dreams. They're a part of growing up. They don't mean you're depraved, nor that you will become a bad woman. Try not to worry about them.

**Q** I'm a high-school junior. Last week my boy friend dressed in old clothes, stole a pickup, and drove all over town scaring people. If my folks find out about it, they'll make me stop seeing him. How can I get him to change?—S.A.

**A** Talk frankly with him. Make it plain that you will stop seeing him if he does a foolish thing like that again. Exert all the influence you can. Is there a teacher at school he especially admires? If so, ask the teacher to talk with him too. He needs guidance.

Dr. Barbour has been advising *TOGETHER's* teen-aged readers since the first issue in October, 1956. He welcomes a chance to help you. Just address him c/o *TOGETHER*, 740 N. Rush, Chicago 11.



## Bishop Nall Answers Questions About

# Your Faith and Your Church



### What is 'positive' repentance?

Actually, there is no other kind, for repentance is more than feeling guilty and sorry over sins committed. It is being enthusiastic over right-

cousness, so that what one formerly enjoyed or loved, he now despises. And only God's grace and his love can bring us to such a state.

### What is a 'disciplined' community?

Surely not a cloistered company of Christians who curtain themselves off from the world somewhere, to eat their coarse bread and say their beads. The community that is under discipline may well be in the world, though not of it. Probably, according to British Methodism's Ronald Spivey, the disciplined community will have these characteristics:

It will swing its whole life around worship of God. That will be the

expression of its mission and the heart of its evangelism.

Its members will support their individual lives with daily Bible study and prayer.

It will be vitally concerned about people and their needs. Prayers for the sick, hungry, illiterate, and even indigent will lead directly to service.

It will have a real commitment to a world mission, spreading its influence far and wide, and yet making over its own local situation.

### What are the 'principalities' and 'powers' we strive against?

They are not physical, but spiritual, as Paul says in Ephesians 6:12. Phillips translates this interestingly: "For . . . our fight is not against any physical enemy: it is against organizations and powers that are spiritual."

The selfishness within ourselves,

tyranny or anarchy in family life, callousness in business, and tensions in the global struggle are some of these, as Dr. Hoover Rupert, one of our most gifted preachers, has pointed out. And we can win only by putting on the "whole armor of God" (Ephesians 6:11).

### How final is death?

The Christian cannot dismiss death as an illusion nor dodge its reality by dividing man into soul and body. Death must be faced. It is the final and inescapable symbol of man's finite existence as merely man.

But this does not mean that death ends all. Instead it lays the ground for the Christian hope—that "this corruptible must put on incorrup-

tion, and this mortal must put on immortality," as Paul puts it in the unforgettable chapter, 1 Corinthians 15 (KJV).

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# Looks at

**New**

# Books



TOGETHER's Art Editor, Floyd Johnson, painted young John Wesley this way.

SERIOUS students of John Wesley will enjoy *The Young Mr. Wesley* by V. H. H. Green (St. Martin's Press, \$8). It's easily the best volume in English on the youth of Methodism's founder. Though written more for the student than the ordinary reader, it lets the personality of John Benjamin Wesley come through surprisingly well.

Dr. Green speaks with authority on the Oxford of Wesley's day and the development of the Holy Club that became the first unit of People Called Methodists. The book takes Wesley through his Aldersgate experience, but is sketchy on his sojourn in Georgia, 1736-1737, perhaps because of the "incredibly indiscreet" romance there with Sophy Hopkey.

In 1963, Methodism will celebrate the 225th anniversary of Wesley's Aldersgate experience. Dr. Green's perceptive book is excellent background reading for that event.

Rare skill and sensitivity are required to translate a literary work. In a sense, the translator must re-create it, preserving both its sense and special qualities in a strange, sometimes unfriendly idiom. Consequently, I'd like to doff my hat to **Robert Fitzgerald**, who has given us a new and vigorous translation of *The Odyssey* (Doubleday, \$4.95).

Here are the epic tales of peril, the sirens and monsters met by Homer's hero as he returned from Troy's doom.

We owe Fitzgerald grateful thanks for this refreshing glimpse of our classic heritage.

Ten years after the Kefauver investigation practically all the hoodlums who were named are not only doing

business at the same old stand but have become even more wealthy, powerful, and defiant of the law. The basis of this wealth and power is gambling.

In *A Two-Dollar Bet Means Murder* (Dial, \$4.50), crime reporter **Fred J. Cook** puts it this way: "The two-dollar bettor who patronizes a bookie does not play an innocent game of tiddlywinks. He is helping to bank roll the activities of the most brutal forces in American society—the thugs, the narcotics peddlers, the pimps, and the killers of the underworld."

The book shows gambling in its true perspective as the treasure chest of the underworld—the source of the \$9 billion a year that goes into the pockets of racketeers. From there, fully half of this staggering sum passes into the hands of public officials and the cop on the beat.

What can be done about it? Remedies open to every citizen are urged by the author: don't bet—ever—with a bookie; don't play the slot machines; don't patronize professional gambling traps.

If these three "don'ts" could ever be translated into action, American gangdom would be strangled, Cook says.

A charming lady of our acquaintance asked me recently if there are any happy books anymore. "Most of them I read these days are so unpleasant," she mourned.

Distinctly happy is *Off My Goes!* (Little, Brown, \$4.50). That's not to say that everything goes easily for **Elsie Masterton** and her husband John up in Vermont, where they have a small inn known as Blueberry Farm. But these are buoyant, spunky, worth-



while people, and you'll enjoy getting to know them and their neighbors. In fact, you may know them already, for this is Mrs. Masterton's third book. The other two: *Nothing Whatever to Do* and *Blueberry Hill Cookbook*.

What was Jesus like? Why is it that Jesus Christ is Lord?

Scottish preacher-teacher **William Barclay** draws a compelling portrait and attempts to answer the second question in *The Mind of Jesus* (Harper, \$5).

The materials on which the book is based come almost totally from the first three Gospels. Dr. Barclay is convinced that here we can find a true picture of the Christ, and of the essential qualities of his mind and spirit.

He has set it all into its historical background, anticipating questions the modern reader will ask.

Bible scholars will find an abundance of study helps in his exposition. For the less studious, the story moves powerfully and irresistibly. The book would be an excellent addition to any home library. It has been published in Great Britain in two volumes, *The Mind of Jesus* and *Crucified and Crowned*.

Volume 12 in historian-philosopher **Arnold J. Toynbee's** monumental *A Study of History* is a backward look at his views on a number of questions. But he hastens to point out that *Reconsiderations* (Oxford, \$10) does not mean retraction, but re-examination, of views previously stated.

Since publication of the first three volumes of his history in 1934, archaeologists have continued to make new discoveries, and in some fields these have changed the picture almost beyond recognition. Toynbee takes full account of these archaeological developments—and of his critics, concentrating on points that have drawn their fire and, at the same time, seem to have an intrinsic interest and importance of their own.

Western civilization, he believes, must recover "the essence of religion" without returning to the established religions of the past. And he hopes Christian initiative can bring about a reconciliation not only of hitherto exclusive-minded religions, but also of all separate civilizations.

**Robert Penn Warren** long has been interested in the Civil War. Now this talented novelist and poet discusses how that conflict shaped modern America in *The Legacy of the Civil War* (Random House, \$2.75).

Almost every facet of American life today, Warren writes, was influenced in some way by that war—our economy, our social institutions, domestic politics, even philosophy and foreign



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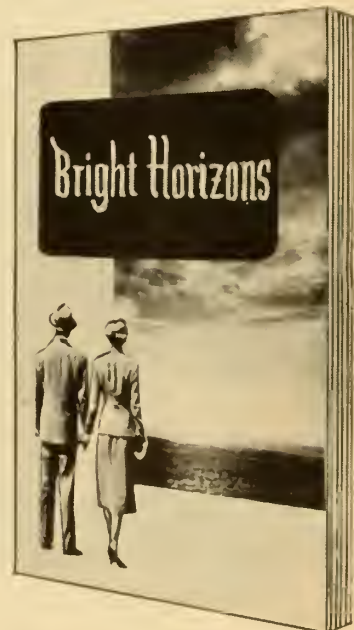


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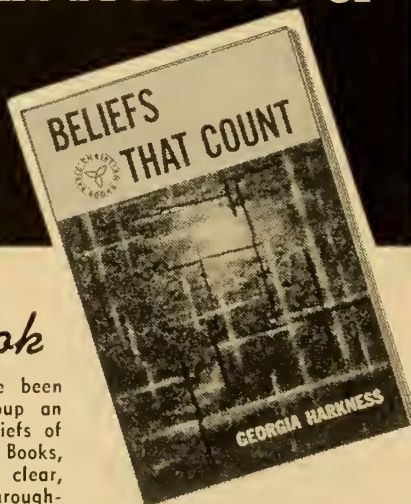
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policy. He declares the U.S. "became a nation only with the Civil War. . . . [It] is our only 'felt' history."

"In defeat the Solid South was born," he points out. "We may say that only at the moment when Lee handed Grant his sword was the Confederacy born; or to state matters another way, in the moment of death the Confederacy entered upon its immortality."

*Come and See the Symbols of My Church* (Augsburg, \$1.95) invites James S. Kerr in a photo-story book for children that explains Christian symbolism in a forthright, easy-to-understand manner.

I could wish the art work were better, that the emphasis were Methodist rather than Lutheran, that the book would open flat instead of fighting you, but it's a useful explanation of the symbols that surround us in Christian worship, and I recommend it.

American Express recently received a credit application from a lady who listed her residence as Scarsdale, N.Y., and her husband's name as William. Local credit officials weren't able to locate the husband and further checking revealed that the applicant was only eight. She had hoped to use her credit card at the local candy store.

If this sounds like an extreme case, read *Buy Now, Pay Later* (Morrow, \$3.95), by Hillel Black. You'll find plenty of other instances almost as ridiculous where credit was extended to people obviously unable to pay. And the sum result is not ridiculous, but tragic.

Black has written a fascinating, and frightening, investigation of "on-the-cuff" living in America today. You'll want to read it, then you'll want to take another look at the family budget.

To the Londoner the sight of a rubber plant has come to mean that he can get a strong cup of coffee for a shilling—and among soft-cushioned furnishings, too. The espresso-coffee machine has come from Italy to save England from a monopoly of tea shops.

This I learned in *Blue Skies, Brown Studies* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$6.50), in which William Sansom spins such magic as one rarely finds. He's a travel writer with an incomparable gift for evoking the atmosphere of a place and transmitting his personal delight to the reader.

In *Blue Skies, Brown Studies* he takes us from Capri to St. Tropez, from Vienna to Vicenza, from Baden to Spain, and to many another place that will fascinate the most blasé armchair traveler.

You never know where you'll run across a bit of information. It was in Hesketh Pearson's *The Marrying*



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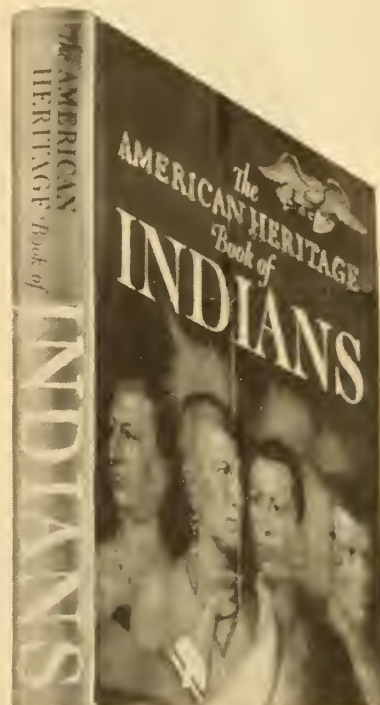
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*Americans* (Coward-McCann, \$5), for instance, that I discovered both of Rudyard Kipling's grandfathers were Methodist ministers.

Pearson has penned a revealing portrait of the British poet laureate in his chapter on Kipling's marriage to plain but capable Caroline Balestier.

The book concentrates, however, on the quest for titled husbands that became the major occupation of American heiresses—or their families. This pell-mell transatlantic traffic really got under way in the 1880s and continued well into the 20th century. Sad stories, most of those alliances.

John Briggs reviewed Leonard Bernstein's musical debut for a New York newspaper 25 years ago and has followed the brilliant symphony conductor's Horatio Alger-like career ever since. Now he tells the story in *Leonard Bernstein, The Man, His Work, and His World* (World, \$4.50).

It's a lively narrative, but not so lively as Mr. Bernstein's own book, *The Joy of Music* (reviewed, April, 1960, page 50).

Little boys are little boys the world over. The early chapters of *Tibet Is My Country* (Dutton, \$5) describe the childish escapades of the elder brother of the Dalai Lama, reminding me of some of my own.

Thubten Jigme Norbu was reared in a warmly affectionate family until at eight he was told that he had been recognized as the reincarnation of the famed Tagtster and was destined to become a high-ranking Buddhist monk. He was taken from his home to live and study in monasteries, where the honors and wealth accumulated by his predecessors were bestowed upon him and his family. When he was 17 his little brother was selected as the 14th Dalai Lama, supreme spiritual and temporal ruler of Tibet.

Forced to flee his native land by Chinese communist pressure, he now is a world traveler and a tireless worker for Tibetan refugees.

He told his story to Heinrich Harrer, a friend of Norbu and the Dalai Lama since living in their country in the years after World War II. The American edition was translated from the German by Edward Fitzgerald.

As assistant to Dwight D. Eisenhower, Sherman Adams probably exercised more power as a chief executive's confidential advisor and coordinator than any individual in modern times. So his story of what happened during the Eisenhower administration is aptly titled *First-Hand Report* (Harper, \$5.95).

He tells it in quick-paced, vigorous prose that conveys, possibly, more

warmth than Adams himself displayed as the then president's right-hand man.

Of Eisenhower he writes: "When Eisenhower became president I believed that he was the greatest influence for peace in the world, and I believe it today."

Of his own part in the Goldfine scandal, which caused him to resign his White House post, Adams says: "The mistakes were those of judgment, not of intent."

*Children and Religion* (Scribners, \$3.95) is common sense from an expert. Dora P. Chaplin, now on the faculty of General Theological Seminary, New York, has been a religious education director—and is the mother of two.

First written in 1948, this excellent book has been revised to take into account the problems of the atomic age. Dr. Chaplin, however, believes that, though our current era may pose more problems than any in the past, Christianity is Christ and Christ does not change.

Anyone who deals with children will find her book a practical guide for their religious instruction.

*All the Best in the South Pacific* (Dodd, Mead, \$4.95) is a new offering of Sydney Clark in his *All the Best* travel-guide books.

This one covers quite a bit of territory—Tahiti, Samoa, Fiji, Australia, New Caledonia, New Zealand—and uncovers quite a few straight-from-the-shoulder details. As in all his books, Clark offers practical information about local customs, a condensed history, tips on planning a trip, and what to see once you get there.

Those who must do their traveling from an easy chair will enjoy it, as will those who accept no substitute for the real thing.

"Nobody is as dull as a man who reads a lot and remembers all of it," observes Sydney J. Harris in *Last Things First* (Houghton Mifflin, \$4). But you'll remember quite a few things from this collection of short articles and epigrams from his recent columns in a Chicago newspaper.

Harris is fascinated, amused, sometimes appalled by the behavior of the human race. Hypocrisy, stupidity, pomposity, and rudeness are his targets, and on these he takes deadly aim. His most potent weapon is humor, which he can use with devastating effect.

If you think Harris presumes he has the right answer to too many questions, you may be right. But I confess he won my heart by recognizing religious writing as "the hardest form of literary endeavor." His reason—piety and good feelings are no substitute for talent.—BARNABAS





## Browsing in Fiction

*Gerald Kennedy*

BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA,  
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EVERY NOVEL is to some extent a social commentary, dealing with a segment of life which somebody has observed or experienced. If it is contemporary, it should illuminate our present problems and opportunities; if it is a historical novel, it should reflect our present point of view, in spite of the author's attempt to recreate a scene long since past. Great works of fiction are preserved because they take us directly into the heart of a period which we can enter in no other way. A book dealing with particular people at a particular time gives us a sense of having been there. And this probably is the way to get closer to the truth about a particular time. I was thinking of this when I read

**MIDCENTURY**, by John Dos Passos  
(Houghton Mifflin, \$5.95).

A hundred years from now Americans might read this book as we read Charles Dickens to study the social conditions of his time. For while this is a novel, in a sense it is really documentary writing with two or three main stories. Dos Passos does two interesting things. He uses a page or two of newspaper headlines occasionally to give us a sense of the dramatic and often ridiculous things we say and do; then there is a series of biographies of influential figures to help us understand where they came from and how they became what they are. If there is one single theme, I think it would be the development of the

labor movement, which is shown with all its corruption as well as its idealism. I liked this book, for I had the feeling that here was an honest reporter trying to pin point the essential things in mid-century America. It is a first-class job and worthy of the time required to read it.

**TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM**, by Nevil Shute (Morrow, \$3.95).

A friend of mine gave me this book, saying it would be a relief from all the crime and corruption one observes and hears about. She was right, and I recommend it wholeheartedly. The principal character is an Englishman whose goodness seems to evoke responses from all kinds of people. He writes for a magazine called *Miniature Mechanics*, describing the small machines he designs so that others can build them as a hobby. Then he goes to the South Seas to see if he can recover diamonds lost on a wrecked yacht. The story is full of adventure and excitement. If I should tell you the plot, you would say it is too far-fetched and romantic. But somehow the author managed to carry it through with style. The story is full of faith and hope, and it is refreshing to be reminded there are still a great many good people around.

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# The Golden Spectacles

By GINA BELL-ZANO

*Mike smiled. Even if Eddie's mother thought Eddie played like a concert violinist, Mike was certain that he didn't.*



MIKE McKENNA sat on the front steps of his porch. He was busy tying a fine, long tail on his kite. His mother was sitting nearby, knitting a sweater. It was very quiet and peaceful.

Suddenly a loud shriek chased away the quiet.

Mrs. McKenna jumped. "What on earth was that?"

Mike smiled. "It sounded like little Hank Hansen. He's always yelling and screaming. He's the world's worst scaredy-cat."

In a few minutes, little Hank came by, hanging onto his sister Millie's hand. His face was streaked with tears, but he had stopped shrieking. "What happened to him, dear?" asked Mrs. McKenna of Hank's sister.

"Oh, those boys on the next block called Hank a coward just because he didn't like their old gray cat. He isn't a coward, Mrs. McKenna. Hank is really very brave for a boy his age. Why, you ought to see him at the zoo. He looks right at the lions and tigers! He's not afraid of anything, really. He just doesn't care for gray cats." She tugged at Hank's hand. "Come on, Hank, we had better be going now." They walked away very quickly.

Mike was smiling. "Mom," he said, "I thought I'd burst out laughing when Millie started saying how brave Hank was. He's afraid of his own shadow. He doesn't care for cats, or caterpillars, or bees, or dogs. Anything he sees is enough to scare him silly."

"Well, Mike," said Mrs. McKenna, "Millie probably thinks Hank really is brave. She looks at him through the golden spectacles of love, you know. And then he is everything she thinks her little brother ought to be."

"I never thought of it like that," said Mike. "I always thought Millie was kind of odd." He finished tying on the tail of his kite.

"See you later, Mom," he said. "The wind is just right now." Holding the kite up with one hand, he



ran down the street. The wind caught hold of the kite, and as Mike let out the string, it flew high and proudly in the air.

Suddenly it began to swerve and dip; and although Mike pulled the string sharply, the kite landed in the hedge at the Bowers' house.

Mike carefully untangled it. Mr. and Mrs. Bower were just coming out of the house. When Mike saw Mrs. Bower, he almost started to laugh. On her head was the funniest hat he had ever seen. It looked like a flower pot with celery in it! And the color made Mrs. Bower's round, red face look like a large beet.

Then Mike heard Mrs. Bower say to her husband, "Are you sure you really like my new hat? It isn't too girlish?"

"Nonsense," said Mr. Bower firmly. "You look beautiful in it—like a model in a magazine ad." They walked up the street, arm in arm.

Mike remembered what his mother had said. "Well," he told himself, "Mr. Bower certainly is looking at his wife through the golden spectacles of love, all right."

At last Mike's kite was free; but the hedge had torn it, so Mike wound up the string and started down the street. He thought of visiting Eddie for a while; but when he came to Eddie's house, the sound of a violin came to him through the open window. Eddie was practicing, so Mike decided not to stop. For while Eddie was his best friend, he made some very strange sounds come out of his violin.

As Mike passed the house, he heard Eddie's mother talking by the window. She was saying, "Eddie, you look the image of a real concert violinist standing there; and you sound just like one, too."

Mike chuckled as he walked on quickly. "Ho, ho," he said, "Eddie's mother certainly looks at him through the golden spectacles of love, and she must hear that violin of his through the golden ear muffs of love, too. Concert violinist! Eddie's lucky if he can play four good notes in a row!"

Mike walked up the steps of his own house. His mother watched him. "You know, Mike," she said, "you're getting to look more like your father every day."

Mike was pleased. His father was the handsomest man in town.

He went upstairs and, as he began to wash his hands, he looked at himself in the mirror over the sink. He looked at his red hair that stood up like a wire brush. He looked at the scratches on his face and the bump which had appeared after he fell out of the apple tree. He looked at his teeth; some were missing.

Then he burst out laughing, and this time he let the laughter out full and strong. "My mother," Mike McKenna told himself, "must wear the biggest golden spectacles of love in town!" He looked at himself once more and grinned. "And, boy, am I glad she does!"

## A Child's Prayer

*May the words I think and say,  
At my school or at my play,  
Be pure; and may my actions, too,  
Be those which Christ would have me do.*

—SYLVIA PEZOLDT

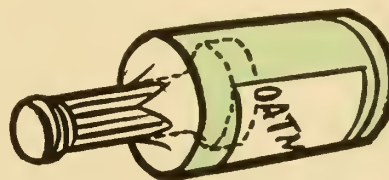
## Make a Spook-light!

JUST for fun this Halloween, try making a spook-light. First, you'll need an empty oatmeal box (or any other round box) and a flashlight.

On the bottom of the box, make two slits, as in drawing A. Then take the cover off the box and slip the flashlight backwards through the slits until only the front part of the flashlight is still in the box. Next, fasten the box to the flashlight with a string or cellophane tape (drawing B).



Now cover the open end of the box with tissue paper—any color will do. Fasten it snugly in place with a rubber band. Next, cut a pair of eyes, a nose, and a mouth out



of construction paper for your spook-light and paste them on the tissue paper (drawing C). Then turn off the lights in one room, switch on the flashlight, and watch your



mysterious spook-light glow in the dark. It is fun for trick-or-treat calls, too—and will help you find your way at night.





*Gerald McCray: As pastor of our farthest northwest church, he has feasted at Thanksgiving on caribou steak and cooked reindeer stew for two days on the parsonage stove.*

*Only a jump from the Arctic Circle and Siberia, he serves as—*

## *Minister at Home—in NOME*



PERHAPS Hawaii would have been more to their taste (they had been living in Florida), but when the call to preach came from Nome, Alaska, where a congregation dwindled and a 60-year-old church building creaked and buckled dangerously over deep permafrost, the Rev. and Mrs. Gerald McCray and their two small children headed north. Though it was 1958, they found Nome still a frontier city of about 2,000 in the treeless expanse where a tent city of 40,000 had mushroomed during the gold rush of 1899. Both population and church membership were largely Eskimos still in the difficult transition stage from a tribal way of life to that of the

city. "We are trying with every drop of energy to make an influence for Christ in these fine people," says Mr. McCray, pastor of the only Methodist Church in 600 miles. "If ever we are to regain the influence we once had with the Eskimo, we will have to act, and act quickly." This is his story today.



*Helping hands: Nome's kids are eager helpers when it comes to tolling a steeple bell or unloading ice cream for a party in the old Methodist Church.*





*Mission center: Outside Nome's WDCS-sponsored Lavinia Wallace Young Community Center (not directly associated with the local church), the pastor stops to chat with an Eskimo woman who is on her way to a rummage sale there.*



*Good citizen: Like many of his counterparts in our more temperate climes, Mr. McCray is active in both the civic and religious life of his adopted town. Here he has doffed his parka to say grace at a meeting of the Nome Rotary Club.*



*Pastoral call: On Bering's frozen shore, he visits a Methodist home where tomcod, used as dog food, hangs from the lines.*





*Merchant: Between customers at the gas pump, John Walters keeps busy in the office of a fuel-transfer firm.*



*Head mechanic: Tommy Johnson works at DEW Line's Anvil Mountain site and serves on Nome's utility board.*



*Grandma: Here Lena Ahnangnatogup is at a mission-center rummage sale. Her purpose: clothing for a grandchild.*



*In Nome's long winter, ocean shipping is cut off and stock dwindles on the shelves of this general store run by Alfred Monzonna, shown talking to warmly clad Ben Noyakuk about his recent luck with tomcod fishing through offshore ice.*

### **Minister at Home—in Nome** *(Continued)*

THE McCRAYS are facing their fourth winter in Nome. Soon the Bering Sea will turn white with ice; heavy snow and wild winds will come; and the minister will make his rounds in frigid wilderness. But now a new church is going up, and membership has increased more than 50 per cent. "Just outside my window we have 18-foot telephone poles to be used as pilings," Mr. McCray wrote last year. "We will drill holes down into the permafrost and drop the poles so that they will freeze solid." Cost of the new church will be nearly \$200,000, a fourth to be raised by selfless parishioners who can afford only nickels and dimes; the remainder to come from Advance Specials and funds of the Board of Missions' Division of National Missions.

On these pages are the faces of the people who are doing the job, who have the faith and courage to meet the challenge of changing Alaska. Methodism is very much at home in Nome, where the climate is cold and grim, the streets deep with mud when not packed with snow and ice, and sidewalks narrow strips of board. Here, too, is the compelling concern the church felt for Alaska long before its statehood.

*Welcome: At the airport, Mr. McCray greets a deaconess-nurse for Maynard McDougall Hospital. He saved two years to buy the parka.*







*Civic leader: Boyd Harewood, Nome's only druggist, serves as a regent of University of Alaska, at Fairbanks.*

*Eskimo mother: Helen Sennungetuk wanted a better life for her son. He now is studying in Scandinavia.*

*Bob Scott (upper right) is city clerk. Bob Baldwin and Charles Fagerstrom (right) are employed by the U.S. Smelting and Refining Co. Baldwin is the chief accountant; Fagerstrom, a former member of the Alaska state legislature, is gold dredgemaster.*

*Nome's bitter cold is too much for the old church stove, so choir practice is held in the parsonage. That's Mrs. McCray at the piano.*







*In this completely equipped home workshop, the Kunkels pursue a hobby dating to prehistoric times.*

## Hobby Alley

*There's nothing half-baked about their hobby!*

# They're a Pyroceramic Family

By MICHAEL DAVES

THE GREEKS called the art of making earthenware *pyroceramics*, but the Ernest C. Kunkel family of Bowie, Tex., has another word for it—fun.

Step inside the ceramics shop back of their home almost any time of day or night, and you'll usually find at least one of the Kunkels—father Ernest, mother Hazel, daughters Janyth or Julie Ann—working on a piece of clay. Brothers Philip (a collegian) and Mike (in the Army), both pyroceramists, take turns at the kiln when they're home.

You might also find any number of Mrs. Kunkel's nearly 100 hobbyist-students busying themselves among the hundreds of molds, three kilns,

and complete stock of glazes and other materials in the shop.

The resurgence of ceramics—one of the world's oldest crafts—is big news in hobby circles today. It now ranks fourth in popularity among do-it-yourself handicrafts, just ahead of making jewelry and mosaics (which often are made with ceramic materials). So the Kunkel family's interest certainly is not unique.

Working in ceramics today is a snap compared to what it once was. One knotty problem of the past was the removal of water from clay, necessary before any vessel would hold its shape permanently. Drying vessels in the sun did not do the trick because clay contains deep-

recessed "combined" water, which is driven out only at a temperature of 350-400 degrees centigrade. Sun-baked vessels, when filled with water, soon collapse into shapelessness. But vessels baked in a kiln (a special high-temperature oven for pottery making) are free of internal water and will hold their shapes indefinitely. Today, small electric kilns designed for hobbyists allow anyone to make lasting ceramic pieces as easily as baking a pie!

Early man learned something else about clay vessels: though they won't leak, they will sweat, marking anything they're placed upon. Eventually, he came up with varnishes, or glazes, which seal a ves-



sel's pores. These may be applied numerous times over decorations and rebaked to make the finish permanent. The modern housewife with a pottery flower vase on her wooden coffee table can give thanks for this discovery!

After learning the basic skills of pottery making, man took to decorating his wares. Eventually, a potter could choose rough or smooth surfaces for his vessels, glaze them inside or out or both, and design and color them to his artistic taste.

The artistic development of ceramics is studded with spectacular examples: gorgeous Roman vessels, bath tiles, and water pipes; 6th-century Chinese porcelain, which in Europe became more valuable than gold; 8th-century Spanish arabesque tiles; 15th-century Italian tin-glazed *majolica*, and 17th-century Dutch delftware, German Meissen (Dresden china), and Pennsylvania stoneware. Quite a record for what always starts as a shapeless hunk of clay.

Modern commercial porcelain manufacturing consists largely of utilitarian wares mass produced for home and industry, and decorative pieces such as flower vases and bowls. But don't forget the millions of personalized items turned out by the growing army of ceramic hobbyists. You'll find the story—and helpful pointers for novices—in such books as *Ceramics for All*, by Jimmie Adair Stewart (Barnes & Noble, \$2 cloth, \$1 paper).

All this, of course, is old stuff to the Kunkels—but it wasn't always so. About 13 years ago, Hazel Kunkel began a course in ceramics at a

local YWCA, intending merely to make two or three items for home decoration. But she talked so enthusiastically about the several pieces she was working on that Ernest bought her a small kiln.

Before long, they both were making simple gift items for the children's church-school teachers at Bowie's First Methodist Church, where they are members. Then came gifts for public-school teachers and friends. Around Christmas, the kiln often burned late into the night as the Kunkels turned out dozens of ceramic gifts, all made at low cost.

Soon, others in Bowie began to express an interest in ceramics. Hazel organized afternoon classes and shortly was giving free instruction to a dozen eager students—even holding a night course for working ladies.

Gradually, the student body grew to its present century-mark size—all women. A man enrolled once, but he dropped out because it seemed "too much a woman's sport." (Ernest now is trying to arouse male interest in his hobby.)

The Kunkels and their students mold their own ceramic pieces or use ready-made, premolded, unbaked clay forms. This "green ware," as it is called, is dried, stuck together, and baked before being decorated and finished.

When using a mold to make a shape, the Kunkels start with clay powder, add water, and whip the mixture into a creamlike substance. (If a mold were not used and the piece shaped by hand, clay should have the consistency of putty.)

After pouring the mixture into



*A few hours in the kiln work wonders. These beautiful pieces once were just shapeless clay blobs—now look at them!*

a mold, they let it set until it dries to a leathery hardness. Removing it from the mold, they trim any excess clay and cement parts together.

Firing, or baking in a kiln, is done at increasing temperatures up to 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit over a period of five hours or more. Then, fired pieces are left to cool.

The real excitement comes when decorations and coverings such as colored glazes, scratched-on or imprinted designs, varicolored clay coatings, and metallic paints have been applied to the bisque (or biscuit, as the once-baked clay is called), and the piece is fired again.

"You never know what to expect when you open a kiln," says Ernest. "It's like Christmas every time. You never can tell how the colors will turn out until you see them."

When something has been in the kiln overnight that the Kunkels especially want to see, they'll bound out of bed as early as three in the morning to satisfy their curiosity about how the piece turned out.

Like thousands of other pyroceramists, the Kunkels have found that



*With a practiced hand, Mrs. Kunkel finishes a set of nativity figurines. Each requires long hours of detailed work.*





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their hobby can be as inexpensive—or as expensive—as they wish. You can spend from 10¢ to \$40 for a piece of green ware. A six-ounce bottle of glaze (liquid glass which, when brushed and baked into bisque, gives it a shining protective coating) costs less than \$1. Nowadays, glazes come in a great variety of colors, some mixed for a marbled effect.

Kilns are initially the most expensive ceramic items, ranging in price roughly from \$35 to \$300. An electric hobby kiln costs about \$50, though you can make one for far less which will hold several pieces.

You can, of course, dodge any investment in a kiln by taking your wares to a commercial ceramics shop for firing. You also may use new, specially treated clays which harden in an ordinary kitchen oven.

As for molds: unless you're handy with plaster of Paris, buy them. Making your own can be terribly frustrating—unless you know how.

The Kunkels, of course, are over the initial hurdles and can testify to their hobby's advantages. "For one thing," said Hazel, "our hobby brings close-knit family co-operation. We're especially benefitted because the different ages of the children make their interests so varied. Ceramics has allowed us to spend more time together as a family—and you'd be surprised what a family of six can do when they work together."

And in case you think ceramics is only for the budding Michelangelos, listen to Hazel's comment again: "All of us have a love of beauty and a desire to be a little different. Not all of us can paint a picture or sing an aria, but anyone can turn out a thing of beauty with ceramics."

One Kunkel student likes ceramics "because you can make things the way you want to, with designs or colors to fit a room scheme, and you can personalize them by putting names on them." Another, who has made earrings, candelabra, sunburst clocks, and mugs, says, "The shop is the only place I can relax."

They, like the Kunkels, have found a way to have fun together and be individualistic at the same time. Instead of becoming psychoneurotic, they've gone pyroceramic!

*Name Your Hobby*, the popular listing of readers' favorite hobbies, does not appear in this month's issue. But it's not forgotten; watch for it in the future!—Eds.

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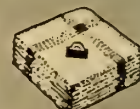
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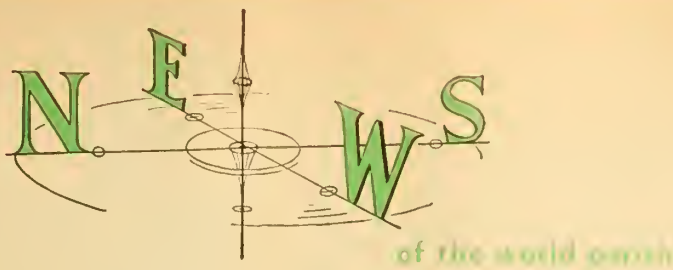
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## AFFIRMATIVE VOTE WILL UNITE WCC AND IMC

The Third Assembly of the World Council of Churches is expected to witness a major step toward Christian unity in its opening session at New Delhi, India, November 19.

Approval of plans for the integration of the World Council and the International Missionary Council will be asked of the delegates representing the WCC's 176 member churches. The required majority of the IMC's member councils already have approved the plan.

The International Missionary Council originated from the Edinburgh Conference of 1910, and the World Council of Churches was organized in 1948.

United into one organization will be the two main bodies through which the search for world church unity has been crystallized in this generation.

Long-range effect of the action will be an intensification of concern for the church's missionary task in the program of the World Council—representing a large majority of the World's non-Roman Catholic Christians.

The immediate effect will be to integrate the work of the IMC's 35 national Christian councils and national missionary councils into the organizational framework of the World Council as

the Division of World Mission and Evangelism.

Following the expected affirmative vote, 25 additional delegates will be seated, bringing to 625 the number of official assembly delegates.

Participants will convene in plenary sessions November 18 to December 6 for speeches on the main theme, *Jesus Christ, the Light of the World*, and on subthemes, *Witness, Service, and Unity*.

Each delegate also will take part in discussion of one of the three subthemes and serve on one of 15 policy-making committees.

### Methodist Men Hear Warnings

Bishop Donald H. Tippet of San Francisco told 5,000 delegates to the third National Conference of Methodist Men that the church could no longer afford to keep its "vast powers of reserve" locked up in its laymen. He warned church members not to be "spectator Christians."

Men who feel they are "doing God a favor if they go to church once a week," he said, are a great tragedy of the church.

Delegates to the conference, meeting July 14-16 at Purdue University, West



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Roy Rogers (right) and his wife, Dale Evans Rogers, received honorary degrees of doctor of humanities at the 120th annual commencement at Bethany College, Bethany, W.Va. Conferring degrees is Dr. Perry E. Gresham, president of the college. The Rogerses are members of Chatsworth (Calif.) Methodist Church.



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Dr. Robert G. Mayfield, Chicago, general secretary of the Methodist Board of Lay Activities, said, "There exists a deep uneasiness inside many Americans today because we are not living up to our moral and spiritual capacity in the world."

"We must make our Methodist Men clubs more relevant to the needs of our men and to the total mission of the church," he added, "and we must deepen the spiritual life of the man power of the church."

The chairman of the development program of Iliff School of Theology, Denver, Colo., T. W. Anderson, told the delegates that "in 1940 there was one 'effective' minister for every 7,700 persons. Today there is one for each 9,700 persons."

He said that the estimated need was 1,900 new men every year to replace those retiring and otherwise leaving the ministry plus those needed to organize new congregations.

## Delegates Invited to Pakistan

Delegates to the Third Assembly of the World Council of Churches have been invited to observe Methodist work in West Pakistan.

Bishop C. D. Rockey, head of Meth-

## UPCOMING EVENTS

Of Interest to Methodists Everywhere

### OCTOBER

- 1—World-Wide Communion Sunday.
- 9-12—Assembly of United Church Women (Interdenominational), Miami Beach, Fla.
- 12-15—Churchmen's Week.
- 15—Laymen's Sunday.
- 16—Annual meeting Interboard Committee on Christian Vacations, Nashville, Tenn.
- 22—World-Order Sunday.
- 22-27—National Adult School of Alcohol Studies, Division of Temperance and Welfare, Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns, Cleveland, Ohio.
- 22-27—National Conference on Churches and Social Welfare (NCC), Cleveland, Ohio.
- 24—United Nations Day.
- 25-26—Annual meeting Board of Publication, New York.
- 26-28—Annual meeting Methodist Board of Lay Activities, Chicago.
- 29—Reformation and World Temperance Sunday.

WCS STUDY TOPICS: General program—Our Greatest Mission Field, by the Rev. Charles A. Barton; Circle program—This Is My Church, by Mrs. W. L. Perryman.



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THE PERMANENT DENTURE RELINER

odism's Lahore Area, extended the invitation to the delegates meeting in New Delhi, India, November 18 to December 6.

Pakistan is one of The Methodist Church's Lands of Decision for this quadrennium. One of the new democracies of the world, Pakistan now has 55,000 Methodists.

### Overseas Pastors in U.S.

A special program of the Division of World Missions of the Methodist Board of Missions has enabled 15 Methodist churches in 10 states to have an international ministerial staff for five months.

In June, overseas pastors from 15 churches—Methodist and Methodist-related—began serving as associate pastors in various Methodist churches in the United States. The ministers came from Africa, Asia, and South America.

This project has a twofold purpose—strengthening overseas ministerial leadership, and helping to develop better understanding between The Methodist Church in America and Methodist and Methodist-related churches overseas.

The first group of overseas pastors was brought to the U.S. by the world division in 1958.

The pastors participate in a two-phase program—classroom work and practical experience in local churches. The classroom work began in February at Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N.J., and closed at the end of May.

In the second phase, which began June 1, each minister is performing the varied duties of associate pastor in a local church.

The entire program is co-ordinated by the Rev. Theodore Runyan, former missionary to Malaya and now assistant secretary for general administration of the world division.

### Angola Missionary Jailed

A Methodist missionary, the Rev. Raymond E. Noah of Palco, Kans., was imprisoned by Portuguese secret police in Angola on July 14 and held incommunicado until July 27, when his arrest was announced.



Mr. Noah

The Methodist Board of Missions reports that Mr. Noah was released on August 11, but no other details about the release were available at press time.

He had been charged by the Portuguese government with helping Angolan students to flee Portugal.

Mr. Noah is thought to be the first



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# Martin Luther

## A Success Story

*The very successful film depicts the historic moment when Martin Luther nailed his Theses to a church door.*

NEARLY 444 years after his 95 theses were nailed to the church door in Wittenberg, Germany, Martin Luther still is making history—not the man, but the movie.

Produced by Louis de Rochemont Associates in co-operation with the Lutheran Church and premiered in May, 1953, at Minneapolis, Minn., *Martin Luther* still is being shown in theaters, churches, educational institutions, and on television. By October 31, when Protestant Christians around the world celebrate Reformation Day, its gross earning from commercial showings in more than 30 countries will be near the \$4 million mark. No other church-sponsored film—and few of the Hollywood variety—has enjoyed such success with the movie-goer.

More than 4,000 copies of the film have been distributed, according to Robert E. A. Lee, executive secretary of Lutheran Church Productions, Inc. No other movie has been produced in such quantity for screening in so many diverse kinds of establishments.\*

Many theories have been advanced to explain the artistic and financial success of *Martin Luther*—a superb cast, enlightened direction, and a straightforward script. But, more than that, it is an authentic documentary of church history which traces Luther through his student days and early priesthood to the time he sparked the Reformation.

Witnessing the Great Reformer's struggle to reconcile his understanding of the Bible with that of the Church in his time, the viewer gains a new and vital appreciation of Protestant Christianity.

Though millions now have seen Niall MacGinnis' moving portrayal of Luther, the film's scheduled television premiere in December, 1956, at Chicago was canceled because of what the station described as "an

emotional reaction from some people." It still is banned from public theaters in the Philippines, Egypt, and Quebec, but has been shown in more than 100 TV viewing areas of the U.S.

The movie has been surprisingly well received in some areas of Latin America, and the 16-millimeter copies distributed to churches and schools have been shown freely even in countries prohibiting public, commercial screenings.

"There has been no recent opposition," says Mr. Lee. "We feel that the Chicago episode cleared the air. Certainly the story of the beginnings of the Protestant Reformation is a timeless document that can be used for years to come."

Just as Martin Luther the man established a great tradition, so, apparently, has *Martin Luther* the movie. Now the Lutheran Church and Louis de Rochemont Associates have produced a second film, *Question 7*, which treats an equally significant and even more timely topic: the clash of Christianity and communism in East Germany. Like its predecessor, it was filmed on location in West Germany with a professional cast. It is scheduled for a New York premiere in October, followed by nation-wide distribution.

Already hailed by critics who attended advance showings, *Question 7* will receive an even more unanimous reception than its predecessor. It was the only movie to win two awards at this year's Berlin Film Festival, and one of these was from the International Catholic Film Office. It previously had received an A-1 rating and a "special accolade" from the Catholic Legion of Decency in the United States.

\* The 16mm., black and white version of the film is available at all Cokesbury Book Stores on a freewill offering basis. —Eds.

American Methodist missionary jailed by a foreign government since Chinese Communists arrested the Rev. F. Olin Stockwell in 1950 and held him for 23 months.

Mr. Noah's wife is in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, where their two sons are attending school.

## Army Discharges Objector

Donald Heath, a Methodist draftee, has been granted a "general discharge under honorable conditions" from the U.S. Army.

After entering the service, Heath became a conscientious objector and served two months in a stockade for refusing to wear a uniform.

Under Army regulations, a general discharge is given persons considered "unsuitable or unadaptable."

Heath is a member of St. Paul's Methodist Church, San Bernardino, Calif.

## Plan 'Century 21' Exhibit

Methodists of the Pacific Northwest are joining with 18 other denominations in planning a Christian Witness Pavilion for the Century 21 Exposition at Seattle, Wash., beginning April 21, 1962.

The \$175,000 exhibit will include a chapel of woods native to the Northwest and a children's center for creative play and planned activities.

## Transfer of Churches Delayed

The transfer of three Negro annual conferences to the Northeastern Jurisdiction has been postponed for at least a year until the final requirement for the transfer—approval by 14 of the Central Jurisdiction's 17 annual Conferences—has been fulfilled. So far, only three of the Annual Conferences have voted on the matter.

Three requirements for the transfer

### CENTURY CLUB

Five more Methodists, each 100 years old, have had their names placed on TOGETHER's Century Club roll. They are:

Mrs. Emma Newcomer, 100, Elmira, N.Y.

Mrs. Esther B. Gregory, 100, Juniata, Pa.

William N. Greer, 100, Dubach, La.

Alonzo D. Naylor, 100, Oakland, Md.

Mrs. Sylvia Belfield, 100, Mont-roe, Pa.

Names of other Methodists, 100 or older, will be published as they are received.



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## Methodist Anniversary

The first Sunday in January  
has been designated Anniversary  
Day by the executive committee  
of the Association of Methodist  
Historical Societies in commemora-  
tion of the 177th anniversary  
of the founding of The Methodist  
Church at the 1784 Christmas  
Conference in Baltimore.

The committee is urging all  
Methodist churches to take part  
in the celebration and to help  
make it an annual observance.  
The first Sunday of 1962 falls on  
January 7.

of an annual conference from one  
jurisdiction to another are specified in  
Amendment IX of the church's con-  
stitution.

First, the conferences concerned must  
approve. This was done when the  
Delaware, Washington, and North  
Carolina Conferences voted approval.

A two-thirds majority of the confer-  
ence members of the receiving jurisdic-  
tion must approve. (Nineteen confer-  
ences of the Northeastern Jurisdiction  
approved the transfer by 3,425 to 26.)

The third requirement is a similar  
endorsement by the jurisdiction from  
which proposed transfer is to be made  
—in this case the Central Jurisdiction.

## Fruits of Labor Shared

Every four years, M. H. Allison, a  
Methodist layman and spring and  
bedding manufacturer from Johnson  
City, Tenn., takes all his employees and  
their spouses on a 10-day vacation trip  
at his expense.

This year a group of 38 toured  
Washington, D.C., New York City,  
and Niagara Falls.

Devotions were conducted each  
morning by the group's chaplain—the  
Rev. R. Frank Porter, superintendent  
of the Johnson City District.

## Negro Colleges Get \$420,774

Methodist Race Relations Sunday of-  
fering in 1961 totaled \$420,774, the  
largest amount since the offering was  
begun 20 years ago.

Dr. John O. Gross, Nashville, Tenn.,  
general secretary of the Division of  
Higher Education, Methodist Board of  
Education, said the 1961 offering ex-  
ceeded the 1960 total by \$24,231.

The contributions will go to 12  
Methodist-related Negro colleges and  
one student center.

## World Methodist Women Elect

Newly elected officers of the World  
Federation of Methodist Women were  
installed in ceremonies climaxing a  
three-day quinquennial session in Oslo,

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SO YOU'RE a brand-new kitchen chairman and you're not sure where to begin?

If you could read my mail any morning, you'd know that you have lots of company. So this month, with fall programs getting under way, I'm going to talk about the tried-and-true basics of feeding large groups of people.

Let's start at the beginning. Who are the people you're going to feed and what do they like to eat? (You wouldn't serve dainty tea sandwiches to hungry Methodist Men, or a hearty stew at a WSCS luncheon. Of course not.)

What about your budget: is it the economy or luxury type? And don't forget to consider kitchen facilities, preparation time, and the special culinary skills of you and your staff. They all make a difference.

A letter from Mrs. Wayne Milburn of Klamath Falls, Oreg., reminds us that our aim should be meals that are well balanced, nourishing, attractive, and simple. That's not all. Cold foods should be served cold and hot foods hot!

Mrs. Milburn, an enthusiastic kitchen helper in First Church at Klamath Falls and earlier at First Church in Lakeview, Oreg., has learned some practical ways to achieve this complex goal.

In planning menus, first of all, she begins with the main dish and builds around it.

Casseroles and one-dish meals are inexpensive, easy to serve, and can be prepared at home by committee members, she points out. Ham, beef, and turkey are more expensive and require carving, but are simpler to prepare in the church kitchen.

# Old Advice for New Kitchen Chairmen

Green salads can be put together ahead of time and placed in the refrigerator, but don't add the dressing until just before serving. A green salad should come to the table with its head up!

Fresh vegetables sound idyllic, but Mrs. Milburn votes for canned or frozen ones, instead, and so do I. Their quality—and edible quantity—is more dependable, and they take a fraction of the time to prepare.

If you have plenty of refrigerator or freezer space, you may want to have pudding dished up and waiting on refrigerator shelves—or ice cream ready in the freezer. Otherwise, for dessert, you'll probably rely on pies or cakes bought or brought from home.

The Klamath Falls church has an efficient modern kitchen from which 250 people can be fed easily. And off Fellowship Hall is a kitchenette for preparing refreshments for smaller groups. It's in this kitchenette that coffee and cookies are prepared for the fellowship hours after each Sunday-morning worship service. A young married group counseled by Mrs. J. C. Hunt is responsible for these gatherings where old friends can visit, new people can become acquainted, and tourists (there are many of them in beautiful southern Oregon) can be welcomed.

Whether you're new in the church kitchen or it's as familiar to you as your own, I hope this winter will be full of fellowship and the joy of Christian service. I hope, too, that you'll share your church kitchen triumphs and problems with *Feeding Fifty*.

—SALLY WESLEY

Norway. Delegates represented more than eight million Methodist women in 44 countries.

The rites—culminating with Holy Communion—put into office church leaders from 14 countries.

Mrs. Raymond J. Latham, Fivedock, New South Wales, Australia, succeeded Mrs. Ernst Scholz, Berlin-Lichterfelde, Germany, as president.

Elected secretary was Mrs. T. Otto Nall, St. Paul, Minn., wife of the Minnesota Area bishop.

Mrs. Clarence P. Jackson, Louisville, Ky., was elected president of the North American Area—one of the federation's eight world areas.

## Kings Honor Methodists

Bishop Odd Hagen, head of The Methodist Church in Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Finland, was awarded the Order of the North Star by King Gustav of Sweden.

In Norway, Rudolf Michaelsen was awarded the Kings' Medal of Merit by King Olav V for faithful work in teaching church school in the Stavanger Methodist Church.

## Malaya Methodism Growing

Methodist churches in Malaya now have more than 25,000 full and preparatory members, reports Dr. Ho Seng Ong, Methodist pastor and superintendent in Malaya.

He adds that in the last 25 years the average annual increase was 637 members, which contrasts to 250 new members annually 50 years ago.

## Award Dempster Fellowships

The department of ministerial education of the Methodist Board of Education has awarded six Dempster Graduate Fellowships with a total value of approximately \$16,000.

Receiving the awards are the Rev. Ronald R. Buckley, New Haven, Conn.; the Rev. G. Clarke Chapman, Jr., and the Rev. Norman R. Corwin, both of Boston, Mass.; the Rev. James E. Kirby, Jr., Milford, Pa.; the Rev. Douglas M. Lawson, Durham, N.C.; and Miss Soon K. Park, Madison, N.J.

The fellowships are given to help increase the effectiveness of teaching in Methodist schools of theology and the teaching of religion in colleges and universities.

They are named for John Dempster, 19th-century Methodist preacher.

## Methodists in the News

**Dr. Raymond R. Rembolt**, Iowa City, Iowa, layman, is the new president of Optimist International.

**Mrs. Harvey W. Couch**, editor of *The Church School* for the editorial



division of the Methodist Board of Education, will become editor of *The Christian Home* October 1.

**Douglas Crozier**, a Berkeley, Ill. layman, has been named associate statistician of The Methodist Church.

**The Rev. Donald E. Struchen**, Meadville, Pa., was named staff executive by the Methodist Board of Missions to work with commissions on missions in 39,000 local churches in the U.S.

**Peggy Romero**, 16, of Kaplan, La., has been elected national president of the Future Homemakers of America.

**The Rev. Willard P. Bass**, Farmington, N.Mex., was elected president of the National Fellowship of Indian Workers.

**Horace W. Kimbrell**, Kansas City, Mo. attorney, was elected national president of the Goodwill Industries of America.

**Dr. Frederick E. Maser**, pastor, St. George's Methodist Church, Philadelphia, Pa., was named "Honorary Goodwill Ambassador" by Philadelphia Mayor Richardson Dilworth as he departed for the World Methodist Conference, Oslo, Norway, and a subsequent European tour.

## CAMERA CLIQUE

**Boo-Boo Blues:** Looking for unusual hues in your color shots? Our photographer caught some quite by accident in photographing the camp meeting in New Prospect, Miss.

On page 38 [bottom], you'll note the warm yellow glow of the prayer meeting. This was accomplished by using daylight color film in tungsten (incandescent) light. On page 44, those blues were caused by the setting sun, caught on tungsten film. (The remainder of the scene was correctly lighted by tungsten illumination.)

These "boo-boos" helped make interesting color shots. How can you make this trick work for you? Tungsten will show up in variations from yellow to red on daylight-type film. Sunlight is recorded as blue on tungsten-type film. You can get proper coloration only by using the right film in the right light.

But variations are interesting, aren't they?

Here are photo credits for this issue:

Cover—George P. Miller • Page 2 Top—John Randolph, Cen. L.—Paulus Leecer, Cen. R.—G. Dixon, Bot. L.—William H. Lathrop, Bot. R.—Josef Schneider of Alpha • 3 Top L.—Vivienne Lapham, Top R.—Camera Clix, Bot. L.—Myrtle R. Walgreen, Bot. R.—South Dakota State College • 6—*Saturday Evening Post* • 17—Chic Donchin • 23—United Nations • 25—Methodist Information • 33—Camera-men, Inc. • 60-61-62-63—Ted Bronstein • 64-65—Ortha C. Spencer • 67—Richard W. Cloues • 69—Lutheran Church Productions, Inc. • 79—Cort Best • 7-9-20-21-22-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-51-76-77-78—George P. Miller.

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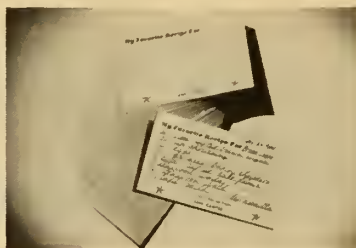


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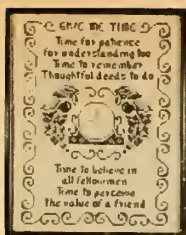
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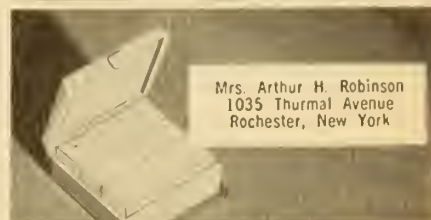


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**AMERICAN BRONZING CO., BEXLEY, OHIO**





# 1,000 Coffee Cans = \$1,000

By MARY E. MARKS

*This can being  
aluminum painted will hold  
two pounds of peanut brittle.  
The man with the spray gun  
is Bruce Langford.*

LAST FALL, the Roseville (Ill.) Methodist Church was in trouble. Due to rising building costs, the congregation faced a \$3,500 deficit in financing an educational building planned two years before.

It was doubly unfortunate, I thought, because the church's new minister had just arrived and faced an immediate fund-raising program. Besides, the Rev. Roscoe Marks is my husband—and naturally I wanted to help!

That's when I remembered a fund-raising project that had worked at our previous church—and asked members of the Roseville Woman's Society of Christian Service and the Evening Star Circle to begin saving empty coffee cans. I'm sure they wondered what I had in mind. I wasn't so sure myself until we ladies christened our project *Operation Coffee Can*.

Everyone loves candy, we reasoned, and a pound of different varieties put up in a gaily decorated coffee can would make an ideal holiday gift item. Our goal was expressed in a "simple" mathematical equation: 1,000 coffee cans equal \$1,000!

We went to work, 200 of us, and, with bits of ribbon, Christmas cards, and other available materials, began decorating cans. No two turned out alike!

The men helped, too, although they had another project. Some spray-painted coffee cans, others baby-sat, many served as deliverymen, and still others lent much-needed moral support.

By November, with orders still just trickling in, we began to feel time pressing down on us. Then our

first break came. One of Roseville's five stores requested 60 cans decorated in a Thanksgiving motif for use in an advertising campaign. When the town's other four stores also asked for some, our sales skyrocketed to more than 300 cans; and we had a stack of new orders for December.

From that moment on, we ladies were busy. In the church basement, in kitchens all over town, and on neighborhood streets, Methodist women stepped up their efforts—decorating cans; making fudge, divinity, peanut brittle, and penuche; and selling the finished products door to door. Business boomed.

As the Christmas holidays neared, husbands became used to late dinners as wives tried to make "just one more batch of fudge" before preparing family meals. The women were asked to donate the ingredients for the first batch of candy they made; later, materials were purchased with income from sales. Many candymakers, however, insisted on continuing to provide materials from their own larders.

Selling techniques were continually discussed and polished by those who pounded the pavements with the colorful cans of candy. One woman who sold 96 cans was asked what method she used.

"I'm afraid I can't take any credit," she laughed. "The cans are so pretty that they seem to sell themselves."

But technique or no, the final sales report was a tribute to our many hours of work. We had packed and sold 1,068 cans—and even after expenses cleared our \$1,000 goal. This despite the fact that Roseville has a pop-





*It's a spoon-licker's  
delight for Diana Mayhew  
as her mother (right) and  
Mrs. Milford McRaven  
whip up some fudge.*

*Remnants from last  
year's Christmas come  
in handy as Evening  
Star Circle ladies  
decorate cans.*







*Round and round they go. The women of Roseville Methodist met evenings to walk around this table, filling the bright-colored coffee cans. One evening they packed 230 cans with homemade confections.*



ulation of only 1,065 and the fact that many of our Methodist church's 540 members live on farms up to 10 miles outside of town!

This year, with our lovely new building completed, we all remember fondly the hectic and fun-packed weeks when we helped Roseville develop a sweet tooth. Looking back, it seems the work was just a little bit easier, because it was a labor of love.

Yes, last year at this time, the bills were stacking up for Roseville Methodist Church. But we soon buried them under an avalanche of coffee cans packed with homemade candy!

*"Thanks, and Merry Christmas!" Mrs. K. L. Becraft and Mrs. James Hendel deliver an order to Mrs. Howard Bacon. Young Susan Hendel came along, too.*





Cort Best of New Albany, Ind., snapped this picture at Yellowstone Park, a favorite crossroads for summer vacationers.

# Calling COLOR Photographers

IT'S THAT time again—and, as we do every year, we're inviting all you photographer-readers to participate in the newest of TOGETHER's widely acclaimed Photo Invitations.

The theme of the 1962 Invitational is the famous hymn, *Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life*, written in 1903 by a Methodist minister, Frank Mason North. We chose it because it so aptly expresses the 20th century's need of Christ. On this page, we have reproduced the six image-rich stanzas of that hymn so you'll have them for easy reference.

The next step is yours: scouting for illustrative picture situations and then capturing them on color film. Perhaps you'll find your strongest inspiration in a crowded metropolis, as did the hymn's author. But don't forget that byways and backwoods also have become "crowded ways of life" for fun-loving Americans. The photographer who took the picture above, for example, could well have been thinking of the phrase in the hymn that reads, "O Master, from the mountainside."

So study the hymn, load up your camera, and keep a sharp eye open for scenes and situations that light up the hymn's rich phrases. We're counting on you!

## WHERE CROSS THE CROWDED WAYS OF LIFE

Where cross the crowded ways of life,  
Where sound the cries of race and clan,  
Above the noise of selfish strife,  
We hear Thy voice, O Son of man!

In haunts of wretchedness and need,  
On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,  
From paths where hide the lures of greed,  
We catch the vision of Thy tears.

From tender childhood's helplessness,  
From woman's grief, man's burdened toil,  
From famished souls, from sorrow's stress,  
Thy heart has never known recoil.

The cup of water given for Thee  
Still holds the freshness of Thy grace;  
Yet long these multitudes to see  
The sweet compassion of Thy face.

O Master, from the mountainside,  
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain;  
Among these restless throngs abide,  
O tread the city's streets again.

Till sons of men shall learn Thy love  
And follow where Thy feet have trod;  
Till, glorious from Thy heaven above,  
Shall come the city of our God!

—FRANK MASON NORTH

### READ THESE RULES:

1. Send no more than 10 color transparencies (color prints or color negatives are not eligible).
2. Identify each slide and explain why it was inspired by the hymn.
3. Enclose loose stamps for return postage (do not stick stamps to anything).
4. Entries must be postmarked on or before February 10, 1962.
5. Original slides bought and all reproduction rights to them will become TOGETHER's property (for their files, photographers will receive duplicate of slides purchased).
6. Slides not accepted will be returned shortly after the closing date. Care will be used in handling and returning transparencies, but TOGETHER cannot be responsible for slides lost or damaged in transit.

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BISHOP

Lloyd C. Wicke

EDITOR

Mrs. Margaret F. Donaldson 475 Riverside Dr., New York 27, N.Y.



Mike Ziverling Photo

Three-year-old Cindy Hock of Brooklyn (N.Y.), first patient in the newly refurbished and expanded pediatrics ward at Bethany Deaconess Hospital, receives extra attention from Nurse Ruby Falbo.

## Centenary Named 'College of Month'

Centenary College in Hackettstown (N.J.) has been signally honored by the American Association of Junior Colleges.

It was named "College of the Month" and the center two pages of its Newsletter devoted to a picture story of the school's educational program and building project.

Included is a brief history of the college beginning with its founding in 1867 as the Centenary Collegiate Institute marking the hundredth anniversary of American Methodism.

The pictures include President Edward Seay, the Taylor Memorial Library, the architect's design for the natatorium and dance studio, the student-operated FM campus radio station, home economics students at work in the kitchen and a student group signing the honor code.

### Col's Special Session

Lloyd C. Wicke has called a special session of the New York Annual Conference for November 3.

The meeting will be held at First Church, Newburgh, N.Y., and will begin at 10 a.m.

## Mobilize for \$2,150,000 Drive

### Conference Dates Set

The dates and places of the 1962 Annual Conferences have been set as follows: Troy, May 9 at First Church, Schenectady, N.Y.; New York East, May 16 (place not yet determined); New York, May 23, Trinity Church, Poughkeepsie; Newark, June 6, Drew University.

### To Study Merger

Four meetings are planned by New York East Conference Methodists to study the proposal to unite with the New York Conference.

The study has been under way for several years and, if approved by both conferences, would result in one administrative body of 609 churches including all of New York City, Long Island, Westchester County, southeastern Connecticut and the Kingston, Poughkeepsie and Newburgh Districts.

The plan was approved last May by the New York Conference but the New York East Conference voted to defer the decision for a year.

The meetings announced by Dr. Henry C. Whyman, chairman of the boundaries' committee, are scheduled as follows: New York District at New Canaan, Conn., October 3, at 8 p.m.; New Haven District at Plainville, Conn., October 4, at 7:30 p.m.; Brooklyn South District at East Meadow, N.Y., October 31, at 8 p.m.; and Brooklyn North District at Hempstead, N.Y., November 2, at 8 p.m.

### Plan Missions Festival

A Missions Festival for 71 churches in the New Haven District will be held October 22 from 3 to 9 p.m. at Trinity Church, New Britain, Conn.

The theme will be *God's World—Our Mission* and the program will include world "tours" arranged by Dr. H. Burnham Kirkland of Middletown, Conn. Each church will prepare an exhibit of missions work under the direction of the Rev. Roger Floyd of New Haven. Motion pictures and film strips available to local churches will be shown.

A poster contest will be held by Youth Fellowships of the District with the winner credited with a cash gift to the MYFund. The Rev. Arthur Amrein of Wethersfield is in charge of the contest.

### Newark Conference to Begin Fund Raising Effort September 17

Several hundred workers in the drive the Newark Methodist Conference is about to launch for \$2,150,000 will be mobilized September 17 at a rally in the Drew University auditorium.

A special feature of the program will be a concert presented by some of the best known musical artists in the East. They are Mildred Eller May, soprano; John Henson, tenor; Florence Henson, alto, and Philip J. Cartwright, bass, assisted by Mrs. William R. Miller. Frederick P. Sloat will be the organist and director.

### Bishop Wicke to Speak

Bishop Wicke will address the audience on the topic, *I Put Before You an Open Door*.

The plans for the "Faith in Action Crusade" will be described by Kinsey Merritt, chairman, and an announcement will be made about the progress up to the present time of the Advance Gifts campaign. Several contributions of \$10,000 have already initiated the advance campaign.

### Well-Known Musicians Help

Miss May is a concert and TV artist and has sung for seven seasons with the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company. She had also appeared with the Philadelphia and Baltimore Symphony orchestras and as soloist at the Radio City Music Hall.

Mr. Henson has appeared on Broadway in *Song of Norway* and *The Most Happy Fella*. He also toured Europe in *Charlie* and *Brigadoon*. He is tenor soloist at the Roselle Park (N.J.) church.

Miss Henson sang leading roles in *Rosalinda*, *Hollywood Pinafore* and *Carousel* on Broadway after several seasons with the Philadelphia Opera Company and the Paper Mill Playhouse. She is soloist at the Central Presbyterian Church in Summit (N.J.)

Mr. Cartwright, soloist at Morrow Memorial Church, Maplewood (N.J.) sang Gilbert and Sullivan roles in Hawaii and was soloist with the Honolulu Symphony and Oratorio Societies. He was also the soloist at the Community Church in Shanghai, China.





Albert Flouhty Photo

King Hussein of Jordan greets Kings Highway Pastor Chester E. Hodgson.

## Hodgson Tours Holy Land

The Rev. Chester E. Hodgson, pastor of Kings Highway Church, Brooklyn, was one of 18 participants in a month's tour of the Middle East, sponsored by the American Christian Palestine Committee.

The group traveled extensively in Egypt, Lebanon, Syria, Jordan, Old Jerusalem and Israel. While in the Middle East the group was briefed by officials of the United Nations, the United States Ambassadors of Lebanon and Jordan and their staffs, the United States Embassy staff in Cairo, Egypt and the United States Consul and staff in Damascus. The Associate General Secretary and the Information Officer of the United Arab Republics met and joined in a discussion with the group.

The group also stopped at Eilat, the Negev, all of the sacred places, New Jerusalem, Tel Aviv, Haifa and many other towns and cities including three kibbutz, and the Hebrew University in Jerusalem.



West Paterson (N.J.) Methodists proudly display results of their fund-raising drive.

## Rally Day

"We'll rally round the flag boys; we'll rally round the flag."

What enthusiasm the singing of the vow generated! Given a national emergency, a setting of martial music and citizens felt impelled to "Rally" to the defense of their nation. Crisis dictated action.

Too long too many have taken it for granted that "God is in His heaven and all's right with the world." Or, we have been overwhelmed by the apparent complexity of our problems and the multiplicity of those arrayed against us. "After all," we say, "one man's power is incidental; one congregation is lost in the tidal wave, the insignificant."

Such notions should find no hospitality among us as we remember some of the parables of our Lord; the capacity of that leaven in the meal; the power of that solitary mustard seed.

Rally Day was among the high days of my childhood and early manhood. The accumulated barnacles of summer's ennui were shorn away by this service of enthusiastic joy. There was work to be done. There were lessons to be learned. There were friendships to be renewed. There was the joy of the church year reminding us of God's love exemplified in His gift in Christ.

The day rallied us to a thousand opportunities and experiences which we would accept in the Captain's Name—even Christ our Lord! As it was, so may it be in your church. The market of opportunities was never more abundantly stocked. His power was never more readily available to those who sought it in His Name.

Yours as you Rally your forces for Him,  
LLOYD C. WICKE



## Exceed Crusade Goal

Thanks to a successful stewardship crusade conducted by the Rev. William A. Perry of the Department of Finance and Field Service, West Paterson (N.J.) Methodists have taken in a giant step toward relocation on a five-acre site on a prominent corner overlooking the city. The minimum goal was \$20,000 and the "target" \$30,000. The parish raised \$37,011.

Holding banner in picture below are the Rev. Douglas G. Herbert, pastor, and Mr. Perry. In rear row from left are Advance Gifts Chairman Edwin Hughes, Spiritual Emphasis Chairman Kenneth

Hersinger, Canvas Chairman Walter Musterer Jr., and the Assistant General Chairman of Crusade John Asmus.

## Back Freedom Rider

At a meeting in the Roslyn (N.Y.) Church, attended by 125 persons, the Brooklyn North District voted official sponsorship of the Freedom Ride of the Rev. John C. Raines which ended in a Little Rock (Ark.) jail on July 7.

Mr. Raines was pastor of the Setauket (N.Y.) Church until July 1. Along with three other Freedom Riders, he was sponsored by CORE (Congress of Racial Equality).

The meeting was called jointly by the Rev. Harrison E. Davis, district superintendent, and the Rev. Edward Egan, district secretary on Christian Social Concerns.

Gloster B. Current, national director of branches of the NAACP and local deacon at St. Paul Methodist Church in Jamaica (N.Y.), moderated the question and answer period which followed.

Mr. Raines has had "a happy and successful ministry for two years at the Setauket Church," Mr. Davis reports. He is the son of Bishop Richard C. Raines.

OCTOBER, 1961

Vol. 5, No. 10

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Second-class postage has been paid in Nashville, Tenn.

Together / October 1961



## Bethany Seeks \$300,000

Bethany Deaconess Hospital, Brooklyn, needs \$300,000 to complete its new \$1 million wing, the Rev. Norman O. Edwards, hospital administrator, has announced.

In a report to the hospital board, Dr. Edwards said the community has demonstrated "strong support" for the institution's efforts to provide facilities for the chronically ill aged.

He said Bethany has mapped a broad program of fall fund raising events "to enable the hospital to keep pace with the health care needs of an important segment of our population."

A highlight of the fall program will be the 69th annual "Donation Day" on Sunday, November 19.

The annual meeting of the hospital will be held December 3, at Hempstead (N.Y.) Church.

A "ton of fun" in the form of 150 watermelons was given the patients by the secretary of the Brooklyn Terminal Markets.

## Drew's News



Dr. Paul C. Obler, assistant professor of English in the College of Liberal Arts, judged New Jersey contestants in the annual National Council of Teachers of English Achievement Awards competition.

- Three members of the administration attended the 16th Institute of Higher Education meeting in Nashville, Tenn.: John L. Pepin, vice-president and treasurer; Allen L. Weatherby, dean of the College of Liberal Arts; and Raymond Harrison, Jr., assistant to the president.
- Some 215 new employees of Lybrand, Ross Bros., and Montgomery Accounting Firm attended a training program at the university, the third introductory course for new accountants.



O. Gerald Lawson

Old Home Day was celebrated in Treadwell (N.Y.) at service, luncheon and musical program. From right are the Rev. O. Gerald Lawson, Mrs. Wicke, Mrs. Lawson and Bishop Wicke who preached on With What Are You at Home?

October 1961 \ Together



How Centenary's \$485,000 women's dorm will look when completed in September, 1962.

## To Hold Workshop

A workshop to study community relations especially with regard to racial integration in housing, employment and education will be held in Scotch Plains, N.J., September 23.

The session will be sponsored by the Ministers' Association with the Rev. Archie Parr in charge of the program.

Community leaders in the fields of real estate, education and personnel will participate and several newspaper representatives will discuss the role of the press in framing public opinion.

## Serving With Hope

A Methodist husband and wife medical team have returned home after a three-month trip to the South Pacific and Southeast Asia aboard the hospital ship, *S.S. Hope*.

Dr. Rufus Morrow is an ear, nose and throat specialist and his wife, Dr. Dorothy Morrow, is a pediatrician. They live in Burlington, Vt., and both are teachers at the University of Vermont Medical College.

Their mission of mercy took them to some of the most destitute and disease-ridden countries in that part of the world. Dr. Rufus' services were desper-

ately needed in hospitals at every port and his wife worked at health centers and baby clinics. In Indonesia, they recall, there is one doctor or dentist for every 45,000 persons.

The Morrrows are active members of First Church of Burlington, serving as counselors for the Wesley Club.

## New Horizons

The new dormitory at Centenary College, Hackettstown (N.J.) will be completed by September, 1962. The erection cost of \$485,000 was approved by the Federal Housing and Home Finance Agency. Designed by La Pierre and Litchfield of New York, the two-story building will be located west of Taylor Memorial Library with which it will blend in architecture.

- Plans for the redevelopment of the property of Wesley Church, East Norwich (N.Y.) were approved by the congregation. It includes acquisition of adjacent property and the construction of a new church, education wing and fellowship hall. It is estimated that the first unit, the education building, will cost \$116,000.

- The new sanctuary of First Church, Stamford (Conn.) will be consecrated by Bishop Wicke September 17.



Christmas starts early at Methodist Hospital of Brooklyn. Chaplain Donald S. Stacey, left, approves the Christmas poster to be printed by Howard Schubert.

A-3

Mobility Issue: One out of five U.S. families

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## The Short Circuit

Mrs. Lois Trimble Benedict of Katonah (N.Y.) was the leader of the children's program at Thornley Chapel, Ocean Grove. She conducted a daily religious program for youngsters.

**Memorial Church, White Plains (N.Y.)** is one of 12 churches to be pictured in an eight-page color section of *TOGETHER's* November Mobility issue. The feature is entitled "Radiant New Churches Proclaim Our Faith."

**Eugene W. Christy**, former minister of music at Country Club Church, Kansas City, now holds that post at the Newington (Conn.) Church.

The July 20 *Christian Advocate* contains two letters from prominent Area ministers. **The Rev. Loyd F. Worley** of Hartford (Conn.) takes issue with the Rev. Ralph Roy whose book *Communism and the Churches* had been reviewed in a previous issue. Dr. Worley objects to Mr. Roy's references to the Federation for Social Action and charges "too much willingness to throw some little men to the wolves" and the acceptance by Mr. Roy of "guilt by association." **The Rev. J. Edward Carothers** of Schenectady (N.Y.) charges that the magazine's editorial referring to the movie "Operation Abolition," is watered down with the smoothness of evasion.

**Dr. Lawrence E. Toombs** of Drew Theological Seminary is one of 12 authors writing a series on "What Methodists Believe" for *TOGETHER*. His contribution is entitled "The Bible: Word of God for Man" and will appear in the December issue.

Plans are in progress for an evangelistic mission to be held April 1-8 under the general direction of the Rev. Allen E. Claxton, chairman of the Area Committee on Evangelism.

Your public relations director and *ANE* editor was a speaker at the Annual Conference of church business managers of the Southeastern Jurisdiction at Lake Junaluska, N.C.

**The Rev. Vernon Stutzman**, director of the Methodist Hospital, Brooklyn (N.Y.), has been named chairman of the Committee on National Association of Methodist Hospitals and Homes annual convention to be held in Chicago, February 17.

**The Rev. Leon V. Kofod** of Woodmere (N.Y.) and his son, Lee, spent two months on a photographic assignment in the West Indies and South America. He was alarmed at the Communist threat in British Guiana which he fears might become the receiving point for arms and supplies for many countries.

**Three more New York Area churches** have joined *TOGETHER's* All-Family Plan. They are Sea Cliff, Long Island; North Salem Church, North Salem, N.Y.; and Chestertown Community Church, Chestertown, N.Y.

## Green Mountain Peaks

More than 400 persons visited Green Mountain College, Poultney (Vt.) in the course of several Troy Conference events involving the Institute for Methodist Laymen, the Older Adult Conference, the Women's Service Guild, the Woman's Society of Christian Service, and the Pastor's School program.

Ground-breaking ceremonies are to be held this month for an infirmary and a gymnasium.

## Centenary Notes

President Edward W. Seay has announced the addition of three teachers to the faculty at Centenary College, Hackensack (N.J.).

Mrs. Patricia Leshner Hedges, a new appointee to the division of natural science and mathematics, will instruct psychology and assist in the nursery school.

Miss Margaret Makes of Saratoga Springs (N.Y.) will be instructor of fashion.

Dr. Elane Matz, former assistant professor of French and Spanish at East Carolina College, has been appointed to the modern language department.

Charles Stuart Burgess, poet, has been appointed to the division of humanities. • Miss Marcia Jane Heseltine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Heseltine, Sr., 135 Kinderkamack Rd., Westwood, N.J., senior at Centenary, has been awarded a National Methodist Scholarship by the Board of Education of The Methodist Church.

## Albany Ministry Grows

The ministry to the people of downtown Albany was expanded September 1 with the appointment of the Rev. Randolph W. Nugent, Jr., to the staff of the Albany Inner City Ministry as associate in charge of Negro work. He will assist the Rev. Clarence C. Winchell, pastor.

Mr. Nugent will be transferred to the Albany District from the New York East Conference where he has served since 1958 as pastor of Grace Church, Long Island City. He will be associated with the Rev. Angelo J. Mongiore, also a member



*The Rev. Roy A. Goss is the new administrator of the Danbury Methodist Home.*

of the Inner City Ministry at First Methodist Church.

The Troy Conference has authorized the expenditure of \$6,000 for the purpose of adding a pastor to the Inner City staff.

The Inner City Ministry is to be directed by the newly organized Albany Methodist Society in which all Methodist churches in Metropolitan Albany are co-operating.

Oliver H. Buchanan of East Greenbush has been named president of the Society. Dr. Frederick K. Kirchner of Delmar, a member of Calvary Methodist Church, is first vice-president; Mitchell R. Brown of Trinity Methodist Church, second vice-president; Miss Ethel E. Hunter of First Methodist Church, secretary; and Hollis Harrington of Delmar, treasurer.

## Will Discuss Merger

A Church Union Service will be held October 8 at 3 p.m. at the New First Church in Stanford, Conn., with leaders of the four denominations considering merger as participants.

The Rev. Eugene Carson Blake, who made the merger proposal last year, will be the principal speaker representing the Presbyterians. It is expected that Bishop Newell will preside and representatives of the Episcopal and Congregational-Christian churches will also take part.

## Workshop Planned

An Eastern District workshop is planned October 1 at 3 p.m. at the Montclair Methodist Church.

All district representatives will meet at 3:30 followed by workshops at 4 p.m. for members of missions, evangelism, education, social concerns and finance commissions.

## Scripts Ready

Scripts for the play *Return of the Stranger*, presented at the New York and New York East Annual Conferences last spring, are now ready for your use. Send your request to Margaret F. Donaldson, Room 1924, 475 Riverside Drive, New York 27, N.Y.

Also available at the P.R. office are copies of *Giving and Growing*, your P.R. director's book on public relations for churches. The price is \$2.00.

## In Memoriam

Frederick Ohr  
Troy Conference  
Schuyler Falls, N.Y.  
August 6, 1961







